

THE
MOURTRAY
FAMILY.

A Novel.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.



VOL. IV.



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1800

THE
FAMILY

OF

MOURTRAY.

CHAP. I.

EMMA was now settled in her new habitation, where she was received, by Lord Miramont's tenants and domestics, with every token of joy and respect.

With a disposition not less sanguine than that of her mother, she cherished the belief, that she should enjoy the most uninterrupted felicity. She had attained the first wish of her heart: the only man who had ever made an impression on it.

VOL. IV.

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was securely her own ; and with him, rank, affluence, and all that could gratify vanity and ambition.

When she reflected on the little chance, there had been formerly, of such an event ever happening, she felt very sensible of her good fortune ; and that her situation, when she entered in the world, gave her no right to expect any thing of the kind.

At that time a most captivating rival stood in her way: one well versed in those seductive arts that often fix the wavering passions of men ; yet she had supplanted this rival, conquered Lord Miramont's repugnance to marriage, and reigned now sole mistress of his heart.

Nothing could be more natural than that a beautiful woman, such as Emma was—young, inexperienced, and whose sentiments were not less pure than tender, should

should imagine this empire firmly established. As he could have no other inducement to marry her, than the most ardent passion, she had no idea this could ever diminish, especially as she judged of his heart by her own.

The accounts she had heard of his fickle temper gave her no uneasiness.— Various causes, besides inconstancy, might be assigned for the discontinuance of his attachment to Lady Fredville, who was nearly old enough to be his mother; and Emma fondly hoped, that reflection had awakened in him, a due sense of the guilt of such connections.

Had he ever been attached to any estimable person, and forsaken her, then, indeed, she would have trembled; but, as fame reported, he had hitherto only wandered from one frail beauty to another; probably many of these had been rather the seducers than the seduced;

and the foundation which such connections stood upon, was formed of materials naturally tending to dissolution.

His attachment to her rested on a very different basis: it was cemented by the most sacred ties; supported not merely by love, but by esteem; and as she resolved to neglect no means of strengthening the latter, and cherishing the former, she did not anticipate any future evils.

The few persons of fashion, who had not yet left the country, came to see her, as did all those of an inferior degree in the neighbourhood, who had any pretensions to be received at Highwood.

Her beauty, her sweetness, and, above all, her affability, gained her general approbation: every body commended the choice of Lord Miramont, who was thought by others, as well as himself, to be one of the happiest of men.

Lord

Lord Fontelieu, and two or three of his most intimate friends, made him a visit: the former esteemed Emma exceedingly; and as she became more acquainted with him, his character rose very much in her estimation: his late kindness to his sister, Lady Bell Darnford, on whom he had settled two hundred pounds a year, did not a little delight her.

The beauty of Highwood, even in this dreary season of the year, as likewise the style of living adopted there, charmed Emma. She partook in all her Lord's amusements, fox-hunting excepted; for she went out with his harriers, walked and rode with him. At dinner she had usually a small cheerful society; or, what was still more agreeable to her, a tête-à-tête; and the evenings, whilst his friends were there, were divided between billiards and music.

The hours, indeed, were neither as early, nor as regular as she liked; Lord Miramont, all his life, having been accustomed to keep late hours, and to disregard regularity; but in this point, as well as every other, she found a gratification in conforming to his taste.

It was not without regret that she left Highwood to go to Lord Miramont's house, in Hill Street: the hope only of seeing her mother soon, reconciled her to her change of abode.

Emma, immediately after her marriage, settled a small annuity on Du Masson, her old preceptor, to whom she wrote, giving him a friendly invitation to make her a visit. He returned a grateful answer to her letter, full of congratulations on her marriage, and expressing his joy that she had married an *aristocrate*. He added, that, owing to the bounty of her father, he was comfortably boarded with
very

very honest people, and situated so much to his satisfaction, that, at present, though very sensible of her kindness, he could not think of returning to England.

One of the greatest pleasures Emma enjoyed, after her arrival in town, was in cheering the hearts of her emigrant friends, her affluent circumstances now, permitting her these benevolent gratifications: she, therefore, privately remitted to them a sum sufficiently large to render their situation perfectly easy; and as they had no doubt whence this generosity sprung, they did not decline profiting by it, feeling the liveliest gratitude towards their amiable benefactress.

Mrs. Mourtray arrived in Hill Street a few days after her daughter, who received her with joy and tenderness; and the Marquis, also, gave her a very cordial reception. She took possession of the handsome apartments allotted to her with

infinite delight; and, charmed with the air of grandeur diffused throughout the house, and with the respect every person in it paid her, she now most heartily rejoiced that Emma had resisted her importunities to marry Chowles.

About this time, letters at length arrived from Mourtray: the first he had written, immediately after he reached Antigua, fell into the hands of the French. These last letters mentioned the deplorable state in which he had found his affairs, and how much he rejoiced that he had gone thither; for he had discovered several fraudulent practices of his agent, whom he had dismissed; and, though he foresaw many difficulties, he was not without hope, with the assistance of his valuable new acquaintance, the friend of his deceased cousin, that he should gain his cause; but he was grieved to say, that he could fix no time for his return to England,

England, being determined first to get through this intricate business.

He sent every tender assurance of his affection to his wife and daughter, and anxiously enquired if they had yet been able to learn the fate of his unhappy son. Mrs. Mourtray and Emma could not refrain from weeping over his letters: again they lamented his absence, and again they mourned the loss of Henry: these circumstances, alone, cast a shade over their present felicity.

Scarcely was Emma settled in town than her house was crowded with all her own, and her Lord's more numerous acquaintance. Lady Wilmington, and Lady Elizabeth Fontelieu, were amongst her earliest visitors; and as both were in good humour and spirits, they were extremely civil: the former offered to present her at Court, which offer Emma gratefully accepted. Before Lady Wilmington

left her, she whispered—that Sir Harry Paragon had proposed to her daughter, and that their union would shortly take place.

It seems Lady Elizabeth had found means to persuade him, that, as his constitution was so very delicate, he wanted a tender nurse, interested in his health; he thought, therefore, he could not choose a better, than the person who shewed so much regard, for what was of the first importance, in his opinion.

Lord Wilmington, who was just returned from Ireland, left his name at Emma's door, but avoided all opportunities of seeing her, excepting at a formal dinner; which, according to his ideas of *etiquette*, he thought himself obliged to give the Marquis and Marchioness, as connections of his family.

Emma

Emma was extremely happy to perceive, he had re-assumed his stateliness of manner, and had laid aside those tender ogles and fine speeches, which, for a time, had been so oppressive to her.

Naturally lively, and united to a man, who considered pleasure as necessary to his existence, Emma now entered into a career of dissipation, which he the more eagerly encouraged, as it gratified his vanity, that her beauty should attract general admiration.

Passionately in love, not inclined to jealousy, and conscious that she had neither eyes nor ears for any but himself, he delighted in seeing her followed by all the fashionable men, many of whom seemed on the watch, to engage an approbation, which he was certain she never would bestow upon them.

Perhaps, however, that little tincture of vanity in her composition, rendered her not absolutely displeased with the adulation she received; but her heart being guarded by love, and accustomed ever to hold gallantry and coquetry in abhorrence, she repelled the assiduities of these men, with equal dignity and discretion.

The distribution of her time was nearly similar to that of other fine Ladies, excepting that she passed few of her morning hours in bed, and still fewer at her toilet. In other respects, like them, she was whirling about in her carriage till dinner; in the evening flying from one assembly to another; often to public places; but at the former, as she did not like cards, she usually made a very short stay; and, whenever she could, was glad to get home tolerably early.

A mode of life so frivolous, of so little utility to herself, or others, soon disgusted
Emma,

Emma, who longed to adopt a more rational system; but this her Lord opposed; for, though he loved her with unabated fondness, he was nothing less than sentimental; and any deviation from the habits of those he denominated *the world*, he treated as romantic notions, which he turned into ridicule.

He had two or three favourite maxims: one of these was, that no two persons could live much alone, together, without becoming perfectly indifferent to each other; it was, therefore, indispensable frequently to invigorate their spirits in gay and brilliant societies. Another (which he repeated still oftener, for fear that Emma might have imbibed some of her mother's notability) was, that a domestic, managing wife was, of all creatures, the most vulgar, insipid, and insupportable.

— Emma,

Emma, therefore, had no choice : however surfeited she might be with dissipation, she was forced to continue in its pursuit ; and whatever disorder she observed in her family, to pass it over unnoticed.

The most comfortable hours she now passed were those appropriated to dinner ; for Lord Miramont frequently dined at home, and then seldom went out till late in the evening : but even this pleasure had its alloy ; for several wild young men, friends and companions of the Marquis, often dropped in, without form, eagerly seeking these occasions, to see his beautiful wife doing the honours of her table ; and, by her innocent gaiety, enlivening her family circle.

Sometimes, vexed at their intrusion, she retired early to her apartment ; when, in revenge for her desertion, they carried off her Lord to clubs, or wherever their whims

whims directed them. But he always returned home with every appearance of satisfaction, and his temper was uncommonly good.

The spring was now advanced, when, one day, Emma received a note from Lady Bell Darnford, earnestly requesting to see her, being just arrived at a house, she had hired, in Clarges Street. She informed her of her brother's generosity; and that her parents still continued obdurate.

Emma obeyed this summons, and was received by her volatile friend with extraordinary transports of joy. Lady Bell looked extremely pretty; but, at times, her countenance was overcast with a shade of melancholy, whence Emma conjectured, she already repented her indiscreet choice in a husband: she forbore, however, asking her any questions, waiting

waiting to see whether she would be as communicative as formerly.

But Lady Bell seemed shy of speaking of her own concerns, though she shewed great curiosity to hear from Emma every particular of her's, as likewise those of her own family.

She laughed at her sister's intended husband :—said, nothing but a fit of despair could make her take him ; for she knew Sir Harry Paragon by report ; expressed a hope that, after this marriage, her mother would no longer continue implacable : of her father she spoke with as much asperity, as she did with affection of her brother ; but of her husband, she did not speak at all.

Emma knew her too well to be much surprized at this : she had immediately, when they first met, enquired after Colonel Darnford, without obtaining any answer ;
and,

and, on her departure, she ventured to mention him again.

"Oh! he is well enough," replied Lady Bell, carelessly; "but I see little of him."

Without commenting on this speech, Emma asked where she had been so long in the country?

"Going through a course of watering places; dragged from one to another; Darnford always finding cogent reasons not to stay long any where; and we should never have got to town, but for my brother's kindness, who has patched up Darnford's affairs; and now, I hope, I am fixed here for some months."

Emma rejoiced at this event, telling her how much interest Lord Miramont took in her happiness, and how warmly
he

he had pleaded with Lord Fontelieu in her behalf.

“ He was always a charming creature !” cried Lady Bell ; “ and Fontelieu, too, is excellent : he has declared that he will never rest till he has prevailed upon my mother to be reconciled to me ; but,” added she, with a sigh, “ who will reconcile me with myself !”

Emma, tenderly embracing her, said, that when she was restored to Lady Wilmington’s favour, supported by most of her own family, and happy, as she trusted she would be, at home, now that her husband’s affairs were arranged, she hoped she would have nothing to disturb her.

“ How all this may be, I know not,” answered Lady Bell ; “ but I am very certain that no circumstance can be more fortunate for me, than that my first, my only friend, should have become one of my

my nearest connections; and I give you my word, that I had no wish so much at heart, when I came to town, as to see you, my dear Emma."

Many other warm protestations of affection flowed from her lips, to which Emma made suitable acknowledgments. Her ingenuous mind seldom doubted of the sincerity of others. Lady Bell, at this moment, appeared to her infinitely more amiable, than ever she had done before; for she observed, with pleasure, that, instead of that pert vivacity, which used to characterize her countenance, she now looked, as if reflection sometimes came across her mind.

After detaining her a considerable time, at length Lady Bell suffered her to depart, promising to dine with her the following day, and as often as should be in her power, without ceremony.

"Do,

"Do, my dear Lady Bell," said Emma: "you will make me very happy; and pray bring Colonel Darnford with you."

"As to that," replied she, "my cousin Miramont must first call upon him, and ask him; but whether he is, or is not of our party, is very indifferent to me."

Emma perceived the change, Lady Bell's ideas had undergone concerning this man; and secretly lamented, that he had not been indifferent to her, before she was irrevocably united to him.

Lord Miramont expressed satisfaction at the idea of seeing his lively cousin; and, out of regard for her, called upon her husband, who accompanied her the first time she dined in Hill Street, where he was very civilly received by Lord and Lady Miramont: the latter, who was
the

the most acquainted with him, observed that he retained his usual sour look ; but his behaviour to Lady Bell was much the same as formerly, though her's towards him was strangely altered.

But as her health was so unequal, as not to keep pace with her inclination, she could not long support that excess of dissipation, into which Emma with reluctance was immersed.

Some business she had to transact with Chowles, carried her one day to the house : it was a fine morning, and she walked thither.—In answer to her enquiries

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

MRS. MOURTRAY would have been perfectly happy in town, but for some unpleasant recollections: she had, however, little room for these—her daughter's brilliant situation occupying almost all her thoughts.—Delighting in every sort of bustle, and to live in a crowd, she never felt herself in a sphere better suited to her taste, than she did at this period.

But as her health was so unpolite as not to keep pace with her inclinations, she could not long support that excess of dissipation, into which Emma with reluctance was immersed.

Some business she had to transact with Chowles, carried her one day to his house: it was a fine morning, and she walked thither.—In answer to her enquiry
after

after him, the servant said, he was at home, but engaged, he believed.

Mrs. Mourtray saying she would wait, the servant desired her to follow him up stairs; and the door of the room, where Chowles was sitting, not being closed, she heard him say, as she passed it—"I tell you, and I've told you a hundred times, I won't—so get you gone; begone this instant, I say!"

"Dear heart! I am very sorry, Sir," said a female voice, faintly, "very sorry you are so angry; but what can I do; you would not, surely, Sir, have your own flesh and blood starve!"

"Out, out; here's somebody coming; d—n you, begone!"

The poor woman, terrified by his violence, brushed hastily by Mrs. Mourtray, who had made a stop at the door, and ran weeping down the stairs.

"God

"God blefs me! Mr. Chowles!" cried Mrs. Mourtray, as ſhe entered the drawing room, "why do you behave ſo harſhly to that poor woman?—Pray don't ſend her away, if ſhe has any buſineſs with you."

"No, no, ſhe has none at all; ſhe is whining about nothing," answered he, fretfully; "but I am very glad you are come, for you love fine things, ſo pray look at this jar; did you ever ſee one ſo large? Well, and how are you?—and the Marchioneſs, ha!—how is ſhe?"

"She is very well, and I am tolerably. —But that poor woman runs in my head; ſhe ſeemed quite in an agony."

"I got this jar dog cheap.—What do you think I gave for it?"

"I don't know, indeed; I never could afford to buy any thing ſo fine myſelf.

—That

—That person came as a petitioner, I suppose; surely, Sir, you did not send her away without giving her something?"

"Good God! ma'am, there would be no end of giving, if I was to give to all those who pester me! I want my money for other purposes, I assure you.—But pray what has procured me the favour of this visit?"

"Business, Sir; which I'll tell you presently.—What could the woman mean by the expression of your own flesh and blood?"

"She is mad, and don't know what she says;" answered he, reddening.

"Well, I declare I did not think so;" said Mrs. Mourtray, "she only seemed in great trouble." And then, finding her curiosity, and perhaps a worthier sensation, must remain ungratified, she opened her business, which was on money

matters; and this being soon adjusted, she departed.

She had gone but a very few yards from Chowles's door, when the very woman she had found with him joined her; saying, "Ah! Madam, excuse this freedom in a stranger; but want can't stand upon ceremony;—you may save my life, and that of my poor babes, if you will but say a good word for me to Mr. Chowles."

"I fear it would be of no use," said Mrs. Mourtray; "he does not seem inclined to assist you. Have you any claim upon him?"

"Lord, Madam, why, I am his own niece,—his only sister's child!"

"Is it possible!—whence comes it, then, that he refuses you relief?"

"I am

" I am sure I can't tell, Madam ; but I fear his heart is hardened by pride, and so I believe he is ashamed of me, because I am a plain body, and not grand, like our cousin, the honourable Mrs. Prouting."

" Did he never give you any thing ?"

" Yes, Madam : after I had called upon him twenty times, he once gave me two guineas ; that's all, I assure you !"

" Good Heaven ! But did you never do any thing to offend him ?—You talked of your children ; perhaps you married contrary to his will."

" Oh, no, Madam, he never troubled himself about my marriage ; and when that happened I wanted nothing : my father was then alive ; my mother had been dead many years ; but the former was a wholesale woollen-draper in Fleet Street,

in a very thriving way; but, poor man! he broke, and died soon after, and thus I lost the fortune he promised to give me: and my husband, who was his clerk, and whom he intended taking into partnership with him, was, as you may easily believe, Madam, much disappointed; but, as he was a very industrious man, he made the best of matters, and got into business, working very hard to support his family: however, nothing prospered with us; we had losses upon losses; and at length, in a fit of despair, he gave up his shop, and enlisted as a soldier, which was very grievous to me; and the more so, as he was amongst the number of the Guards sent into Flanders."

" Well, and where is he now?"

" In Holland, Madam; but he has suffered many hardships—fell ill, and would have died, but for the humanity of a young gentleman, now serving as a volunteer,

volunteer, who formerly knew my husband, when he himself was in the Guards."

"Do you know his name?"

"Why, Madam, that is a bit of a secret; my husband charged me not to mention it; but there can be no harm in telling you, that it is Mourtray; he who was once in the —— regiment of Guards."

"My God!—Mourtray!—are you sure you don't mistake?"

"No, no, Madam; I know his name well enough; my husband told me all about him; how he had sold his commission, and afterwards repented; and how he went first and served with the Austrians, and then came and joined our troops; and he has changed his name, that he may not be known."

While the woman was speaking, Mrs. Mourtray stood leaning against the iron rails.

rails of the area : all her faculties seemed suspended : a confused image of Henry, exposed to every hardship, perhaps wounded, hovered before her eyes, and she uttered a deep groan.

“ Goodness, Madam ! ” exclaimed the woman : — “ What ails you ? You are as pale as death, and all in a tremble ! ”

Mrs. Mourtray now made an effort to speak : — “ Tell me,” said she, “ and tell me quickly, what name does the Volunteer go by ? Where is he ? — and when did you hear of him ? ”

“ What ! — do you know him, Madam ? ”

“ Know him ! ” echoed Mrs. Mourtray, with a deep sigh : — “ yes, yes ; I know him.”

“ Well ; this is odd, indeed ! — Who would have thought it ? ”

“ Answer

"Answer my questions, for the love of God!" cried Mrs. Mourtray.

"Indeed, Madam, I have told you all I know; for, as almost all the troops are returned home, I can't think why my husband and the Gentleman stay abroad. They have been together in several bloody battles; but I have not heard from my husband these six weeks."

"My God!" cried Mrs. Mourtray, impatiently; "but where are they?"

"That I can't tell, Madam; for I never pretend to remember the names of outlandish places; and my little boy, who is full of mischief, tore his father's last letter to pieces."

Mrs. Mourtray, finding she could not learn the name her son had taken, or gain any further information from this woman, took her address; and, giving her a

guinea, endeavoured to crawl home as she could ; for the flurry of her spirits had almost deprived her of the use of her limbs.

When she reached the place of her abode, she found Lord and Lady Miramont at breakfast. Both were struck with her altered countenance, and eagerly enquired what was the matter ; which, with many interruptions, she, at length, told them ; bitterly lamenting her dear Henry's fate one moment, and the next declaiming against him.

“ Did any body ever hear the like ?” cried she :—“ Henry certainly must be mad !—First he parts with his commission, and then wantonly goes, as a volunteer, abroad !—He could have no other view but to get killed !”

Lord Miramont, who saw no cause of alarm in this affair, but rather the contrary,

trary, endeavoured to represent to her, that, after being so long in the dark concerning her son, it was surely a comfort to hear that, a few weeks since, he was well, and had so honourably disposed of himself; offering to go to the War Office, and gather further tidings, having now some clue; for, by enquiring after Rostorne (which was the name of Henry's friend, the soldier), he should certainly learn where he was.

Emma, in the mean while, almost as much agitated as her mother, sought, however, to sooth her into composure; nor did she forget to enquire, whether she had done any thing to relieve the poor woman, from whom she had, by so singular a chance, gained intelligence of Henry. Desirous herself of doing something for her, should she be found deserving, she sent a servant privately into the neighbourhood where Mrs. Rostorne lived,

lived, to learn every particular concerning her.

The servant, on his return, said, that she bore the character of being a very honest, industrious woman, who endeavoured to maintain herself, and three small children, by taking in plain work; but that it was believed, she had sometimes found it a hard matter to keep herself from starving; yet she had rich relations, who could help her, if they would; but that they did nothing for her.

Satisfied with this account of Mrs. Rosstorne's worth, Emma immediately sent her ten guineas.

Lord Miramont now returned: he had found the name of Rosstorne in the list of those who had been wounded, and left at —; but of the volunteer he learned nothing. This was a severe disappointment to both Ladies. However, the
Marquis

Marquis promised to write to some of the officers that yet remained on the Continent; adding, that there was little doubt, now, they should shortly discover the real situation of a person so interesting to them all.

After the flurry of the morning, Emma was little disposed to go out: in the evening, as she and her mother were drinking their tea, a servant entered, and said Lord Clannarmon was below, and desired to have the honour of a few minutes conversation with Mrs. Mourtray.

Both were much surprized, and the latter began conjecturing what he could have to communicate; almost doubting, in her present state of mind, whether she should see him or not.

But Emma, who felt certain that something extraordinary must have occasioned

this unexpected visit, conquered her mother's irresolution; and, desiring Lord Clannarmon might be shewn up stairs, she, in the mean while, retired to the adjoining apartment, which was her dressing-room.

Whence, however, she was presently summoned by Mrs. Mourtray; who, bursting open the door, exclaimed, "Good God!—Emma, come hither directly!—Oh! come, and hear the news which Lord Clannarmon has brought us of Henry."

Emma, breathless with impatience, hastened to him, desiring immediately to hear all he knew.

"Oh! it is bad enough, God knows!" cried Mrs. Mourtray, not giving him time to answer:—"Poor dear fellow!—for aught I know, he may be dead by this time,

time, though Lord Clannarmon says the contrary."

"Indeed, Madam," said he, "I told you the exact truth: my friend, Henry, who was wounded, has been in some danger; but he was in a very fair way of recovery when this letter was written."

"Mangled, maimed, and defaced, I dare say!" said Mrs. Mourtray, sobbing.

"Dear Madam!" cried Emma, "why will you thus torment yourself, when Lord Clannarmon assures us he is recovering?"

"Upon my word, Madam," said he, "I have every reason to believe so; but, if your Ladyship will read this letter, you will see all I know of him."

Emma

Emma ran it over hastily: it was (as he told her) from an Officer, lately in the army abroad, who had been commissioned by him to make enquiries relative to Henry, which he answered as follows:

“ IN compliance with your Lordship’s request, I have neglected no opportunities, since I came hither, of doing every thing possible to learn, whether such a young man as you described, could be discovered amongst our troops, and all my researches were fruitless, till yesterday; when a brother Officer accidentally mentioned a young volunteer, who had distinguished himself by some uncommon acts of gallantry, during this campaign; and who, being wounded in the fatal affair at ———, and too ill to be removed,

moved, remained under the Surgeon's care.

“ This account excited my curiosity, and I enquired further concerning the volunteer. My friend told me he was a very singular character. The Surgeon first discovered, by his manners, that he was of a class superior to that of his fellow soldiers: had hinted this to him, which he had neither affirmed, nor denied; but that another soldier, who attended him constantly, with the greatest care, thinking he was in danger, owned that he was a Gentleman, and that his name was Mourtray.

“ Had it been possible for me to quit my post, I would have gone to him directly: all I can do is to give you this information; and I have the pleasure of adding, that I understand Mr. Mourtray is in a fair way of recovery; therefore,
I hope,

I hope, he will yet be able to embark with our troops.

" I have the honour to be,

" My dear Lord,

" Your Lordship's

" Very faithful and obedient servant,

" J. WILMOT."

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

EMMA, who, by her mother's desire, had read this letter aloud, returned it to Lord Clannarmon, with thanks ; nor did she find in it any serious cause of alarm.

But Mrs. Mourtray wept bitterly, exclaiming at her son's cruelty, who had suffered her to fret herself almost to death about him, all the while never thinking of her, but, Quixote-like, going to fight when he had no occasion.

" I believe his delicate notions of honour," said Lord Clannarmon, " made him think it incumbent on him ; for, I know, he bitterly lamented what he had done concerning his commission ; and, being disappointed in the affair of Miss Silbourne, in a fit of despair he took this step ;—which, however eccentric it may be

be deemed by many, appears to me, I own, as the effort of a gallant spirit, impatient to signalize itself, that it may be cleared even from the slightest suspicion of being deficient in a quality, which it is conscious it possesses."

"I see nothing at all of this," cried Mrs. Mourtray; "and pray, my Lord, what is to be done now; how am I to get him back?"

"I hope he will be well enough to return with the remainder of the troops."

"So far from even thinking of this," cried Mrs. Mourtray, "the moment he is recovered, I dare say he will go into some foreign service.—Once, already, he has been fighting with the Austrians."

And then she related all she had heard from Mrs. Rosstorne; adding, that, if she were a man, she would fly to him that moment.

"Alas!

"Alas! I should be equally happy to see him;" said Emma, sighing.

Lord Clannarmon's countenance, which at first appeared wan and dejected, was suddenly animated by a ray of cheerfulness: whilst addressing Mrs. Mourtray, he said, "Banish your apprehensions, my dear Madam, and suffer me to be your substitute: I will have the pleasure of bringing Henry safe home, to rejoice the hearts of his mother and sister."

"Surely you are not serious!" cried Mrs. Mourtray, in amazement.

"Is it possible you should have so kind a thought!" said Emma, in the same instant.

"My resolution is taken, Ladies," answered he: to-morrow morning I shall set out, that not a moment may be lost."

"How

"How truly friendly!" exclaimed Emma; "but I doubt whether we ought to suffer your Lordship to go on this expedition; for, without being able to assist my brother, you may incur danger yourself."

"I shall not apprehend any, Madam: indeed, it is very possible that Henry may already be on his way home; for it is not probable that, being scarcely recovered from his wounds, he should form any military projects; and, should I be right in this supposition, then I shall only have made a pleasant little trip, which will be of service to my health."

"Certainly, my Lord," said Mrs. Mourtray, "it will do you good, and us essential service; and I wonder, Lady Miramont, since Lord Clannarmon thinks nothing of his trouble, that you should endeavour to disgust him with his intended expedition!"

"My

"My dear mother," answered she, "you must excuse my observing, that our solicitude for Henry should not make us regardless of our friend; who, undoubtedly, to quiet our apprehensions, runs no small risk of falling into the hands of the French."

"I should be sorry for that," said Mrs. Mourtray, coolly; "but, for God's sake, do not conjure up imaginary dangers: rather let us think of saving your brother from real ones!"

Lord Clannarmon smiled; and, after requesting they would send to his house, in Burlington Street, any letters they might wish to write to Henry, he took his leave; again assuring them, that he was sanguine in his hopes of soon returning with his friend.

"What a heart has that young man!" exclaimed Emma, as she returned from the

the door, whither she had followed him, with many grateful expressions and good wishes for his safety.

"He is, indeed, an excellent creature," said Mrs. Mourtray.

"He really seems to live for no other purpose than to do good," observed Emma; "and himself is the only object that he neglects!"

"Why, to be sure, he does not much attend to his appearance."

"Appearance!" repeated Emma:—"I did not think of *that*."

Her meaning, however, she did not explain, where it was likely to be so little understood. Pity for his unfortunate passion, and admiration for Lord Clannarmon's character, occupied her thoughts, till she recollected that she had to write

to

to her brother, for whose situation she felt much concern and uneasiness.

Lord Miramont, on his return home, heard, with surprize, the events of the evening: he laughed at Lord Clannarmon's intended expedition, calling it the idle project of a romantic brain.

Mrs. Mourtray was not very well pleased with this speech; but she never attempted to controvert his notions; and Emma kept her thoughts to herself: a half-stifled sigh, however, escaped her, occasioned by the parallel, she almost involuntarily drew, between the sentiments of these two Noblemen.

The Ladies letters were sent to Lord Clannarmon, and very early the following morning he left town.

That amiable man, after his unlucky meeting with Emma, on the day of her nuptials,

nuptials, remained for some weeks, notwithstanding the kind attentions of his brother, to sooth and tranquillize his mind, in a state of the deepest dejection. But, sensible that his misfortune was remediless;—that, from the first of his acquaintance with her, she had never given him the smallest hope of success;—and that he could no longer indulge his fatal passion without a crime, he resolved to conquer it; yet, though he had sufficient fortitude to avoid mentioning Emma, and, as much as possible, thinking of her, still a fixed melancholy hung upon his spirits, which made him quite regardless of all that passed around him, and indifferent to every thing in the world.

His health must, in the end, have been destroyed by his silent sufferings, when, suddenly, he became better reconciled with his existence. The thoughts of performing a service acceptable to Emma, which Virtue itself could not disapprove, revived

revived his spirits, and accelerated the tardy circulation of his blood. He could not, indeed, see her without emotion; and the kind solicitude she expressed for his safety, made his heart thrill with delight: he would, at that instant, have met death with pleasure, certain that he should not have died wholly unregretted.

Upon the whole, therefore, when he left her, he was far less miserable than before, as there was every reason to believe she was perfectly happy, and could never have been so (in her opinion) with any other man than Lord Miramont: he acknowledged, that he ought not to repine at his own wayward fate.

Emma, whose active benevolence could never rest till she had done all the good in her power, now sent to Mrs. Rosstorne, to give her all the information she had gained from Lord Clannarmon, relative

to her husband ; for she had no doubt he was the person alluded to, in the Officer's letter, as the kind attendant on her brother ; and, anxious to secure her some permanent support, she told her Lord that she should apply to Chowles in behalf of his niece :—" And if you would see him," said she, " and join in my request, I know half a word from you, would have great weight with him."

" And so it shall when he hears it," answered he, laughing ; " for, indeed, you must excuse me, from having any thing to say to so vulgar an animal."

" But I can't go to him," returned she ; " and writing will not do half as well."

" Let Mrs. Mourtray ask him to dine with you both, and I will take care to be engaged the day he comes : when undisturbed

disturbed, you may try the force of your eloquence upon him."

Emma assented to this; and Chowles, with mingled pride and astonishment, received the invitation. She was alone when he came, and her reception was such as to delight him: after some desultory conversation, she turned it upon Mrs. Prouting, asking whether she would come to town this year.

He answered, coldly, that she was gone to reside entirely at Bath; "And, to tell you the truth, my Lady, I am not sorry for it," continued he; "for I began to get heartily sick of that cousin of mine, and her silly husband."

"You have, however," said Emma, "other relations, many degrees nearer to you."

“ What relations, my Lady ?”

“ Why, have you not a niece ?”

“ A niece !” repeated he, shrugging his shoulders.

“ Yes, poor Mrs. Rofftorne, a very worthy woman, who is in most wretched circumstances ; which, I presume, you have never been thoroughly informed of, otherwise it is impossible that you could fail of relieving her.”

While she spoke, Chowles kept twirling the string of his cane round his fingers, uncertain whether, by a round lie, he should at once boldly deny the existence of a niece, or acknowledge it ; and then load her with some imaginary imputation, to exculpate himself for deserting her.

But, as Lady Miramont seemed so well informed concerning Mrs. Rofftorne, he durst not venture on the former expedient ;

dient; and it appeared to him, that to plead ignorance would be the safest.

"The person your Ladyship means," said he, affecting a careless air, "I really know little, or scarcely at all. The fact is, I had a sister, who might have married well; but she flung herself away upon an obscure tradesman in the city: after which I avoided any connexion with her, and, ever since, with any of the tribe she left behind when she died."

"Mrs. Rofftorne, however, Sir, has applied to you frequently."

"Possibly:—who does not apply?—People think I am made up of money; as if I had nothing to do but to distribute it amongst them indiscriminately."

"But, surely, Mr. Chowles, you might discriminate in regard to your own niece? Consider, too, how it sounds,

that the niece of Mr. Chowles should be starving !”

“ Who told you, my Lady, any thing about this woman ?”

“ My mother, Sir, who saw her at your house, and afterwards had some conversation with her.”

“ Mighty pretty !—so then she has been complaining of me to Mrs. Mourtray !”

“ I know not, Sir, that she complained ; but she could not conceal her wretchedness from my mother.”

“ Oh ! I dare say she made up a terrible piteous tale ; but I’ll fit her for it ; for now I’ll not give her a farthing.”

“ For your own sake, Mr. Chowles, do not make so cruel a resolution : believe

lieve me, the consciousness of one good action will give you unspeakable comfort now and hereafter."

"No, no; she goes about abusing me: I'll have nothing to say to her."

"But think of her helpless children!"

"What business have beggars to marry, and have children?"

Emma then reminded him, that when his niece married, she had no reason, from the flourishing circumstances of her family, to foresee her present misfortunes, which did not appear to have originated in her's or her husband's misconduct: he might, therefore, without any disparagement of his prudence, indulge himself in the luxury of relieving them.

"Faith! I see no luxury at all in this," cried he.

"Try it once, Sir. Remember, Mr. Rosstorne is now fighting in defence of his King, and of this country, in which you have so large a stake. Do something for his family, Mr. Chowles, and I shall really think the better of you for it."

"Will you, my Lady? But, hang it, you are married, which quite alters the case: such a word from you, formerly, would have made me do any thing.—Yet you have still such a bewitching look and manner, that, the deuce take me if I can resist you any longer; so I'll give her this ten pound note, to oblige your Ladyship; mark *that*."

"I insist upon it, Sir, that you are serving yourself principally; and, being once convinced of this, I hope you will
be

be encouraged to repeat the experiment. Perhaps you will give her the like sum every quarter."

"Hey-day!—not so fast, if you please, my Lady: I shall make no such promise, I assure you."

"Well, promise nothing, Mr. Chowles; but do it without."

The entrance of Mrs. Mourtray now put an end to this conversation: the Marquis did not appear, and soon after dinner was announced.

Emma and her mother, by their attentions, tried to put Chowles in good humour, in which they succeeded, perhaps, the more easily, as he was highly delighted with the talents of Lord Miramont's cook;—with the genius of his confectioner;—as, likewise, with the ex-

cellence of the wines, of which he drank very freely.

Emma now ventured to hint, that such a trifle as eighty pounds, annually, would not be missed out of his purse, and would secure him the prayers and blessings of a whole family.

He started at first; but said, with the gallantry infused by wine—"Would this secure me a smile from your Ladyship, at least once every quarter?"

"Oh! certainly; and I shall see you with more satisfaction than ever I have done yet."

"Well then, I consent; but, pray, ask for nothing else; for, in the humour I am in, I believe you might strip me of every thing I have in the world."

Soon

Soon after he departed, leaving Emma tolerably satisfied with her negotiation, who sent directly to Mrs. Rostorne the first quarter of her allowance, Chowles having paid the whole.

CHAP. IV.

WHILE Mrs. Mourtray and Emma remained in their present state of anxiety, Lord Miramont, after making some efforts to draw the latter into public, assuring her that nothing would be of so much service to her spirits, as a little dissipation, left her to do as she chose ; and her choice was to live chiefly at home, where she devoted great part of her time to her mother.

Lady Bell Darnford, now, was a frequent guest in Hill Street: she amused Lord Miramont, who, therefore, promoted this intimacy, which Emma could not decline, especially as nothing very exceptionable appeared in her conduct.

Yet, her propensity to satire, her innumerable caprices, and, occasionally, a certain

certain levity in her manner, often pained Emma: some of her faults, however, she charitably attributed to bad habits long indulged. Thus, when she turned people into ridicule, she believed she was not prompted by ill-nature, but, inconfidely, sought to excite a laugh;—if her behaviour was sometimes rather unguarded, Emma did not perceive that it was particularly so, with one person more than another;—and her caprices were confined to objects too frivolous to merit attention.

That Lady Bell was no longer attached to her husband was very obvious, but that she should ever have been so, was a juster cause of astonishment.—Whenever Emma saw them together (which was not often), they observed appearances sufficiently to make her conclude, that if their union was not happy, it was not, at least, wretched.

Lady

Lady Bell, as may naturally be supposed, was extremely happy to profit by Emma's kindness, and to become her frequent companion; she found it very convenient to have her carriage, her servants, and her opera box, at her command; nor did she dislike to consider her house, in which every luxury abounded, more as her home than her own.

Emma, too, whose generosity was remarkable, frequently contrived, under different pretexts, to make her presents; indulging the belief, that every attention paid to his relation, was grateful to her Lord.

Sir Harry Paragon's marriage, with Lady Elizabeth Fontelieu now took place; and Lady Wilmington, wearied into compliance by her son's repeated entreaties, consented to meet Lady Bell, privately, at Lord Miramont's house; for she dared not visit her at her own, or receive

ceive her in defiance of her Lord, who swore, that, if she came within his doors, he would turn his wife out of them ;—and such a dismissal would not have suited her convenience, much as she disliked him.

The meeting betwixt the mother and daughter went off very well ; the latter looked and said, every thing proper for the occasion ; and the former felt, that, however a parent may be displeased with a child, the least token of penitence, suffices to recall maternal tenderness.

Lady Elizabeth Paragon, too, saw her sister, not from any motive of affection ; but, impelled by the vanity of a narrow mind, she secretly longed to enjoy the triumph, of displaying her newly-acquired opulence, expecting to see Lady Bell in a state of humiliation.

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How, then, was she surprised at the uncommon elegance of her appearance!—She measured her from head to foot with envy; and, after a few cold expressions, of being glad to see her again, &c. she added—“ Really, Bell, I am quite amazed that you look so well, and that you can afford to appear in such a style! I understood, Colonel Darnford, who had never much before he married, had since been entirely ruined; and my heart ached for you, I assure you. But, certainly, I must have been misinformed, or, otherwise, you could not thus study your dress.”

Her sister, extremely piqued and disgusted, answered, coolly—“ I have often heard, that, to some people, dress makes no difference, because they have the art of making every thing become them; perhaps this, in some degree, may be my case:—others, and you may be amongst this number, are, indeed, under the necessity of studying their dress, to appear
to

to advantage, and, even then, do not always succeed.—As to my income, I have very good friends, who prevent my feeling how slender it is ; and you need have no uneasiness concerning me, for we are not yet *quite* ruined, Elizabeth !”

“ I am mighty glad to hear it, and that you have such very good friends, as your husband’s pay would be very inadequate to your expenses.—For my part, I care little about trifles ; so I leave it to my women to dress me just as they please. Sir Harry’s immense fortune, however, renders it incumbent on me to make a certain figure in the world—such as is proper for *his* wife, and Lord Wilming-ton’s daughter.”

“ Oh !—no doubt ; and you are quite in the right, to be less solicitous about these *trifles* now than you were formerly, when you had an important object to gain ;

gain; and I heartily congratulate you, that, *at last*, you succeeded in it."

Lady Elizabeth was so provoked by this speech, that she resolved, in her own mind, to see as little as possible of her sister; and, courtesying formally, she abruptly left her.

Lady Bell remained equally dissatisfied with Lady Elizabeth.—Chagrined by the mortifying comparison she could not fail of making betwixt their respective lots, she had no other consolation than what she derived from vanity: this whispered her, that her sister, with all her pretensions to beauty, and with all the trappings of wealth, wanted that charm to engage admiration, which she believed she possessed.

The effect of this charm, which Lady Bell arrogated to herself, had, not, however, made a very durable impression on
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the heart of her husband ; nor had it ever made half so much, as the prospect of twenty thousand pounds, which he had hoped to touch immediately after his marriage.

When he found himself disappointed in this respect, and that he must wait till she became of age, he could not dissemble so well, as entirely to conceal his mortification from his wife.—Highly offended by this discovery of the motives, that induced him to run away with her, she resented, and never forgave them.

Mercenary, self-willed, and violent in his disposition, he was only restrained from using her ill, by his dread of disobliging her connexions. Her brother, mother, and Lord Miramont, might be of great use to him ; the former had already been so ; for, besides pecuniary assistance, his interest had obtained him promotion in the army.

In

In his behaviour, therefore, to Lady Bell, he was civil and circumspect; troubling himself little concerning her, and annoying her seldom with his company: but his rage for play not being in the least abated, he indulged himself in it whenever he had the means; which, so long as it occasioned her no inconvenience, was a matter of indifference to her.

Since his arrival in town he had a run of luck: in consequence of this, his domestic establishment, at present, exhibited no marks of penury; and Lady Bell was suffered, to spend her brother's allowance solely upon herself.

Lord Clannarmon had now been gone a month: a few lines had been received from him, written just after he landed in Holland, but none since.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mourtray's impatience to hear of her son increased hourly; and she flattered herself, that as no intelligence came either from Lord Clannarmon, or from Rosstorne, that the arrival of all three in England might be expected daily.

One morning, while Emma was gone to see her friend *Sidonie*, Mrs. Mourtray being alone, Captain Fitzaubert was announced: she had never seen him, and was somewhat surprised at this visit from a stranger; but concluded he had brought her a letter from his brother.—Prepossessed with this idea, and that she should hear very agreeable tidings, she advanced hastily towards him; and, without giving him time to say a word by way of introduction to himself, or to the subject of his visit, she said, eagerly—"Well, Sir, I am all impatience; though I had rather have seen his Lordship himself, than his hand writing."

Fitzaubert

Fitzaubert replied, gravely,—“ I am very sorry to say, Madam, that you must be content with seeing the latter; for God, alone, knows when we shall see Lord Clannarmon again !”

“ But, my son—my son, Sir—surely I shall see him soon !”

“ *Your* son, Madam, is not in a worse situation than *my* brother, who would now be safe in his own country, had he been less solicitous concerning Mr. Henry Mourtray.”

“ Good God, Sir!—how you terrify me!—What has happened ?”

“ A most unfortunate circumstance:—Lord Clannarmon and your son are in the hands of the French !”

Mrs. Mourtray gave a loud scream, and nearly fainted with terror; but Fitz-
aubert

aubert preserved his *sang froid*.—The total indifference she had shewn concerning his brother, who had acted so friendly a part by her, provoked him; and, being naturally rough and blunt in his manners, he took no pains to soften the stroke she was to receive.

Lord Clannarmon had, by kindness and generosity, forced his way into a heart, which prejudice, and, perhaps, envy, had originally shut against him; but, now, so strong was his hold there, that Fitzaubert would almost have sacrificed his life to serve him.

Such being his enthusiastic love to his brother, he could not fail of being extremely affected, when he learned the misfortune that had befallen him, communicated to him by a letter, of which he brought Mrs. Mourtray an extract, by Lord Clannarmon's desire.

“ HAVING

“ HAVING now given you an account of my voyage and journey, I shall, without dwelling on minute circumstances, only add, that, after some difficulties, I at length discovered the place of Henry's concealment.—It is impossible to describe the joy and surprize he manifested when he saw me; but I was grieved to find, that he was still disabled from moving, in consequence of his wound; for, though the Surgeon assured me he was in a fair way of recovery, it was impossible he could walk; and neither horses, nor carriages of any sort, could be procured.

“ Most of the inhabitants were already fled, dreading the arrival of the French, though they called themselves their friends: none remained for some miles around our wretched habitation, excepting a few very old people and children.—We were miserably provided both with food and fuel; yet for every article we paid

paid an enormous price.—Poor Henry was not likely to recruit his strength in this deplorable situation; but how to relieve or remove him I knew not.

“ In the mean while, foraging parties of the enemy scoured the country, and we hourly expected a visit from these: nor were we mistaken; for, the fourth day after my arrival, as I was sitting one morning by Henry’s bed side, Rosstorne, appearing at the door, beckoned to me, and I followed him out.—‘ All’s lost, Sir!’ said he: ‘ the French have just burned several houses, not two miles from this place; and they will be here directly.—The two poor women who have been so hospitable to us are run away, crying as if their hearts would break!—What shall we do with his Honour?’ ”

“ There could be nothing done, but for us all to prepare with firmness to encounter this misfortune; and I was well

aware that Henry would not shrink from it. We agreed it was best he should rise immediately; so we dressed, and wrapped him up as warmly as we could; and we had scarcely finished this business, when ten of the *sans culottes*, headed by an officer, appeared.

“ We were not in a state to think of resistance; but I made an effort to dissuade them from burning the cottage, where Henry had found an asylum; and, likewise, to prevail upon them, in consideration of his infirm health, not to strip him of great part of his clothes, which they seemed to meditate, having already lightened us of our great coats, and seized upon all our little property.

“ With some difficulty I succeeded in both these objects of my solicitude, and now we were commanded to follow them; but, as Henry could not walk, we contrived to carry him in a chair fastened to poles.

poles. The Surgeon, Rofftorne, and myself, did all in our power to make his journey as easy as possible to him; but, nevertheless, I fear he suffered a great deal, though, I hope, less than we did.

“ I shall pass over the various disasters which befel us on our route; partly owing to the inclemency of the weather, and to want of food; and partly to the brutality of our leaders.

“ Our situation now (bad as it is), certainly, is rather mended. We are in prison at ———, where we have, at least, something to eat; a roof over our heads; and, instead of the savage officer and his soldiers, we have a gaoler, who, fortunately for us, possesses more humanity than is common with that class of people.

“ Henry is surprisingly better than might be expected, considering all he has gone through; and his friend, the

Surgeon, has no doubt of his speedy recovery:—his wound is in his neck and shoulder.—I pass for his brother, carefully concealing that I am an *Aristocrate*, as the knowledge of this would only aggravate our misfortunes.—At present, I see no hopes of our being exchanged soon; but I do not despond; and Henry seems to derive such comfort from my society, that I do not repine at sharing his confinement: and the Surgeon, and Rosstorne, are also sincerely attached to him.

“ I beg you will, immediately after this reaches you, go to Mrs. Mourtray, and break to her, and Lady Miramont, as gently as possible, these untoward circumstances; tell them I yet hope to keep my word, and safely restore Henry to them.—He has given me a promise, that he never will again undertake any military expedition out of England, but content himself with a commission in the
 —shire

—shire Militia. Conscious that, under the name of Thompson, he distinguished himself so much as to obtain the marked approbation of his officers, and, indisputably, to prove his courage and intrepidity, his mind is relieved from that corroding chagrin which embittered his life; nor is he displeased, now, that honest Rosstorne betrayed his secret, having no longer any motive to wish for concealment.

“ It must be owned that Henry has been lucky, in some instances; for the horrors of his situation, have been much alleviated by the attentions of Rosstorne and the Surgeon: the former no sooner recognized, under his disguise, the young Ensign, whom he had been accustomed to obey in England, than he faithfully attached himself to him, and, certainly, saved his life; for, when he found that Henry could not be moved with the other wounded soldiers, without the great-

est danger, he procured him a retreat in a Dutch cottage, whither he carried him, with the assistance of the Surgeon; and ever since he has nursed and attended him with the greatest care, regardless of a painful wound which he himself had received;—this, I am glad to say, is now healed.

“ The Surgeon, too, might have escaped, and embarked with the rest of the troops; but he generously refused to quit his patient, and, to his skill Henry owes his recovering the use of his arm.

“ The gaoler has promised, to forward this letter to Hamburgh the first opportunity; thence it will easily reach you.—Fortunately, I had concealed some money about my person, before I became a prisoner: this, sparingly managed, procures us a few indulgencies, and enables me to make a friend of our keeper.

“ Henry

“ Henry would have written to his mother, but he is not yet able to hold a pen: he charges me to say, in his name, a thousand kind and dutiful things to her, and all that is most affectionate to his sister.”

CHAP. V.

MRS. MOURTRAY could not read this detail of her son's sufferings, without being frequently interrupted by her tears and groans: these softened Fitzaubert, and he was attempting to say something consolatory, when Lady Miramont, followed by her Lord, entered the room.

The former, grieved as she was for her brother, felt infinite concern also for his companions, especially for Lord Clannarmon, whose friendship had cost him so dear; and, although Lord Miramont thought that generous man had got himself into this scrape very unnecessarily, he was too good-natured not to be sorry for him; and, for Emma's sake, he lamented Henry's situation.

He

He fought to console all the afflicted party, by assuring them, that he would desire one of his friends to use his interest (having none himself) with Ministers, to get Henry and his companions, included in the first exchange of prisoners.

Fitzaubert now took his leave, though the Marquis pressed him much to stay dinner; but the former had no acquaintance with any of the party, and being out of spirits, was not disposed to like the company of strangers.

Emma could not help remarking, as she and Lord Miramont were reading, together, the extract from Lord Clannarmont's letter, that he had forborne, when he enumerated some instances of good fortune that had befallen her brother, mentioning one of the greatest; which was, having such a friend as himself; who, doubtless, had added pecuniary obligations to the many others Henry be-

fore owed him ; otherwise, in a strange country, without any resources, and with companions whose circumstances could not be very flourishing, he must have been reduced to the greatest distress.

Lord Miramont agreed with her in this opinion, as, likewise, in commending the behaviour of the surgeon and soldier :—
 “ I think,” said he, “ something ought to be done by us for that honest fellow’s wife : send her this ;” and he gave Emma a twenty pound note, to which she privately added one of thirty, and sent both to Mrs. Rostorne ; but as she saw no use in vexing the poor woman, with the unpleasant detail of her husband’s imprisonment, she concealed it from her.

All Emma’s solicitude, now, was to console and support her mother under this new trial ; who, as usual with her, was immoderately afflicted at first ; but, in a short time, regained her spirits, and
 only

only occasionally renewed her lamentations at her dear Henry's hard fate.

Week after week, however, passed, without any further intelligence of the prisoners.

Lady Bingfield, who had remained late in the country, often called upon Emma, after her arrival in town: her brother had resolved not to leave Yorkshire, but some business brought him to London; and, almost as soon as he was settled there, he sent his daughter, with Lady Bingfield, to wait upon Lady Miramont.

This meeting gave pleasure to all parties; but Emma was concerned to observe how much Selina was altered: she was grown thin and pale, and a deep melancholy was imprinted on her countenance.

Lady Bingfield, who saw this with alarm, seemed to think of nothing but how to amuse her; and her whole conversation turned on plans for this purpose, which it is doubtful whether her niece heard; for she sat silent, fixing her eyes mournfully (when she could do this without ill-breeding) on Emma's face; which, from its resemblance to Henry's, recalled a thousand tender and painful remembrances.

On the departure of these Ladies, as Emma conducted them to the door, she observed that Selina purposely lingered behind her aunt, as if she wished to speak with her, unheard by the other; and her lips moved, but she seemed not to have the courage to bring forth a word.

Emma taking her hand, and pressing it tenderly, she ventured to say, in a low voice, "Will your Ladyship give me
an

an opportunity of seeing you alone to-morrow?"

"Undoubtedly," returned she: "I will call upon you, my dear Miss Silbourne, at noon."

Emma was punctual to her appointment; and Selina, no longer restrained by her aunt's presence, flung herself into her arms, giving a free course to her tears.

Emma kindly soothed her; and, when she saw her more composed, she entreated her to consider her as a friend, most warmly attached to her, in whom she might safely repose unlimited confidence.

"Ah! I have no doubt of this," said Selina: "if I can now enjoy any degree of comfort, it must be derived from your friendship, Madam. I know not how
to

to ask I ought not and yet”

“ I understand you,” interrupted Emma: “ you have not forgotten my poor brother.”

“ Forgotten him !” cried she, clasping her hands:—“ Oh ! never, never shall I forget him !—a report has lately reached my ears, which almost distracts me.—Heaven grant you may be able to contradict it !—But tell me the truth, I conjure you—is your brother, Lady Miramont, a prisoner ?”

Emma could not tell a falsehood ; therefore, softening her recital as much as she could, she gave her a succinct one, of all that happened to Henry, from the time he commenced volunteer, in the English service, till his imprisonment.

Selina

Selina wept abundantly ; but her grief found some degree of alleviation in hearing he had such excellent friends with him, whose society must render his confinement less irksome ; and she hoped the Surgeon, who had attended him with such skill and humanity, would perfect his cure. She spoke of Lord Clannarmon's conduct with the greatest admiration, and declared that she was almost as anxious for his safe return to England, as for that of Henry.

Emma was much pleased with her sentiments on this, as on many other subjects ; and Selina now, having entirely laid aside all reserve, offered to communicate to her, certain circumstances relative to her brother, which, perhaps, she had never heard.

“ You will greatly oblige me,” answered Emma ; “ for I have ever wished to know, how Mr. Silbourne became acquainted

quainted with Henry's fatal gaming adventure, as well as several other things which have happened since."

"You know," said Selina, "the terms which Henry and I were upon; and I scarcely need tell you, that I had such implicit faith and confidence in his word, that I believed it impossible any thing could prevent our union, after my father had prescribed, on what conditions it should take place.

"But how cruelly was I disappointed in this reliance on his promise!—One morning my father and I went, as was our custom, to walk in Kensington Gardens: Henry, who called upon us before we set out, complained of the head-ache, and did not accompany us. I cannot account for it, but I felt an unusual depression of spirits, and so faint and languid, that I had scarcely reached the end of the long grass walk, when I was forced

forced to ask my father to let me rest. He willingly consented; and, turning into the gravel walk, we took our seats on one of the covered benches, near the wall: here we sat some time, each busied with our own thoughts; and as it was neither a fashionable day, nor hour, for the Gardens, there was nobody there to interrupt them. At length we saw two Gentlemen advancing, deeply engaged in conversation: they did not seem to notice us; but I was much startled by hearing a name repeated—a name that I never could hear without emotion.

“ My father, whose ears were as quick as mine, nodded to me, smiling, but neither of us spoke.

“ Oh! there’s no fear of that,” said one of these persons:—“ I’ll answer for Henry Mourtray’s punctuality.”

“ How

“ How can you tell that the marriage will take place ? ” asked the other.

“ What the devil should prevent it ? ”

“ A thousand things,” answered the other : “ the same imprudence that made him lose four thousand pounds to you, last night, may urge him to play again ; and ”

“ We could not hear any more, for the speakers were gone too far ; but, alas ! we had already heard too much !— My father looked aghast, and I was ready to faint : suddenly he started up, and hurried along the walk, with the hope of overtaking the persons who had just held this extraordinary dialogue ; but they were young men, and my father not being very alert, he saw them go out at the gate, before he could get near them.

“ Thus

" Thus disappointed, he returned in great agitation, saying, " What a wonderful discovery have I made, by the merest chance in the world !"

" Oh ! Sir !" cried I, " do not condemn Henry, unheard : there must be some mistake in this."

" It is hardly possible," returned he : " did you not hear one of those persons tell the other, of the large sum which Henry had lost to him last night ?"

" I could not deny this ; and I sat in a manner stupified, till I recollected that we might have been deceived in the sound of the name : this I mentioned to my father, who admitted it was not absolutely impossible ; but soon he changed his opinion, reminding me of the hint given concerning the marriage. This silenced me.

" At

“ At length he bade me follow him, and we regained our carriage, where he kept, all the way home, talking to himself: he seemed to be weighing some point:—“ Yes,” said he, “ I will do so: the young man shall not say I act precipitately: he shall condemn or acquit himself. I wish he may be able to do the latter.”

“ My father’s anxiety, before this matter was ascertained, cannot be described; but, I own, I entertained a latent hope that Henry would prove his innocence; till, unfortunately, there could not remain a doubt that he had broken his promise. What followed is well known to you, my dear Lady Miramont, and it would be painful to me to repeat it.

“ Disappointed in the opinion I had formed of your brother, I thought, at first, that I could easily obey my father, and banish him from my heart; but the instant

stant I heard that a strict search was making after him, in consequence of his duel with Manders, the alarm I felt for his safety soon convinced me that he was as dear to me as ever. It is impossible I can describe to you the anxiety and misery I endured on his account, during the whole time that Mr. Manders's life was in danger. That Henry should be stained with blood was an insupportable idea ; and my apprehensions for his future fate nearly distracted me.

“ Thank God, Mr. Manders recovered, and I became some degrees less wretched. After this we left Richmond, and, preparatory to our journey into Yorkshire, we came, for a few days, to town. I was very desirous of seeing you, but my father would not let me ; saying, it would be time enough for me to see you, or any of your family, another year, when he hoped, I should have acquired sufficient strength

strength of mind, to rejoice in the escape I had had.

“ My father was well acquainted with an intimate friend of old Mr. Manders, whom he had not seen since the duel; but my father accidentally meeting with him, he learned, that Mr. Manders was extremely uneasy at some hints his son had dropped; apprehending, from these, that he meditated, as soon as his health was restored, challenging an Officer, whom he now suspected, of having betrayed a secret of importance, not conceiving else how it could possibly have transpired.

“ My father instantly comprehended the whole of this business; and, explaining to his acquaintance, by what chance he had overheard the conversation of young Manders and the other Officer, clearly acquitted the latter of the imputed treachery.

“ Old

“ Old Mr. Manders was so delighted to hear this, that he requested my father would call upon his son, which he did; and, by repeating the very words he had heard in the gardens, entirely removed every doubt, which had arisen in the young man's mind relative to his friend. Vexed, however, to find that this incautious conversation had produced so much mischief, Mr. Manders, junior, generously attempted to excuse Henry's conduct, in regard to those points which had principally offended my father; alledging, in his defence, that they were all intoxicated when they sat down to play.

“ My father paid little attention, to what he called, justifying one vice by another; and, when he returned home, after telling me all he had heard, he repeated, with additional energy, a prohibition, he had before given me, of
 ever

ever seeing or corresponding with your brother.

“ The next morning, just after my father was gone out, my maid came to ask, if I chose to see some very pretty millinery articles (great bargains) which a woman had brought to shew me. I was too wretched to care about drefs, or such trifles, therefore refused seeing this person ; but Fanny (my maid) renewed her importunities so earnestly, that, to free myself from them, I consented to admit the Milliner.

“ Upon which, one of the most gigantic women, I ever beheld entered the room, with a large caravan box. I started when I saw her figure, but I could not see her face ; for, besides a black veil that hung over it, her chin was buried in the folds of a handkerchief, tied under it.

“ While

"While she was stooping to open the box, Fanny left the room; and, judge of my astonishment when the woman, falling upon her knees before me, and seizing my hand, exclaimed, "Selina!—my dear Selina, forgive me, or I shall die!"

"Though I could not mistake Henry's voice, yet I had not sufficient command over my feelings, to stifle a scream.

"For God's sake," cried he, "be not alarmed. I have no wish—no intention, but to see you once more, and hear you pronounce my pardon, ere I leave England, perhaps, for ever."

"He was still on his knees—I trembled with terror—he might be surprized in that posture, should my father return—what would become of us both!—I, therefore, hastily said I forgave him, and conjured him instantly to depart; but this he was not inclined to do, though

I prevailed upon him to rise; when he represented that a cold pardon, unaccompanied by one kind look, or word, could not satisfy him. In short, my dear Lady Miramont, he shewed so much penitence for his errors, and seemed so completely wretched, that I could not disguise from him, that my sentiments had undergone no change; and I had not the cruelty to reproach him for those fatal actions, for which he had already been so severely punished.

“ He was just beginning to explain to me his plans for the future, when Fanny ran into the room, gasping for breath,—
 “ My master, Madam,” cried she, “ is just come in.” I thought I should have sunk on the floor; but Henry, giving me an expressive look of encouragement, with admirable presence of mind, began busying himself, with collecting together the scattered articles. At that instant my father entered:—“ What have you
 got

got here?" asked he. Fanny took upon herself to answer:—" 'Tis only a young woman, Sir, from the French Miller's."

" My father looked, frowning, at this Patagonian figure:—" Come, come," said he, " carry away all your trumpery: it is a pity you are of the wrong sex, for you would make a noble grenadier."

" Henry could not refrain from smiling; but I was a great deal too much frightened to be diverted with this scene; and I was heartily rejoiced when he was gone.— " I do not like these strapping wenches being admitted here," said my father. I answered, that I should not see her again.

" As soon as I was alone with Fanny, I expected she would confess the part she had taken, in this introduction of your brother; but she did not, and I was

ashamed to mention it. Whether my father suspected her to be a likely person to carry on a clandestine correspondence, or for what reason I know not ; but, to my great grief and surprize, he discharged her soon afterwards, and placed an elderly woman about me, whom I consider as a spy.

“ Nevertheless, Fanny has contrived to elude her vigilance ; for, the day after I came to town, she sent me a note, in which she said, she heard, with great concern, in the family where she lives, that Mr. Henry Mourtray had been taken prisoner along with her master’s brother, a Surgeon in the army.

“ You may guess, my dear Lady Miramont, what my feelings were upon receiving this intelligence ; and you will not wonder, that I was impatient to hear the truth from yourself.”

“ Emma,

Emma, who had listened to her recital with the greatest interest, again repeated her thanks, for the confidence placed in her; but, although she entertained hopes that Mr. Silbourne's resentment might yield to time, and that the good offices of Henry's friends, in his behalf, would not be fruitless; still, for fear of being mistaken, she dared not cheer Selina with these agreeable ideas.

Therefore she only entreated her not to sink into despondence, and to rely upon her friends doing all in their power, to give another colour to her fate: then, tenderly embracing her, she had the satisfaction, of leaving this amiable girl, much less unhappy than she found her.

Mr. Silbourne seemed to wish, avoiding a meeting with Lady Miramont; but the latter, the first time she was alone with his sister, mentioned Henry, which she

had never done while she had been in doubt of the sentiments of Selina; and Lady Bingfield, being too polite to interrupt her, Emma related the whole of his conduct abroad, which seemed to make an impresson in his favour; but she felt that, under the present circumstances, it would be indelicate to attempt more.

CHAP. VI.

FREQUENT letters now arrived from Mourtray, who had not made the progress in his affairs, which he had expected; and, unless he abandoned all thoughts of ever profiting by his relation's legacy, he found it absolutely necessary, to prolong his stay in Antigua.—He had received the news of his daughter's marriage with surprize; but whether her choice, perfectly met with his approbation may be doubted, as his mind was superior to ambition, and merit alone rendered a man estimable in his eyes; but, since her lot was irrevocably fixed, he kept his opinion to himself, and expressed the warmest wishes for her's, and her Lord's happiness.

The extraordinary disappearance of his son still continued to embitter his days,

for he was yet ignorant, of all that has been already related concerning him.

It was not till quite the end of the summer, that the Marquis would consent to leave town, when Mrs. Mourtray accompanied her daughter to Highwood.—The raptures of the former, at the sight of that fine place are indescribable, and, for some time, she thought she never could admire every thing enough; but when the novelty ceased, she began to suspect, that magnificent houses are not always the most convenient, as she had before discovered, that the style of living of the great, is far from being the most comfortable.—The length of the corridors, and the multitude of steps she had to mount, to reach her apartment, fatigued her; the lateness and irregularity of the hours, from which she had suffered some inconvenience in London, seemed still more unnatural in the country, where she fancied this evil would have been remedied; and

and though she was by no means buried here, as at Downton, yet, as the guests at Highwood happened, at that time, to consist chiefly of riotous young men, neither these, nor the people she saw at great formal dinners, could be called society;—secretly, therefore, she sighed for the month of November, when she had promised to meet the Thornleys at Bath.

Emma, long tired of London, and its amusements, rejoiced to find herself again settled at Highwood; yet, ere she got there, the beauty of the country was faded: it would still, however, have had sufficient charms to delight her, had Lord Miramont been capable of sharing them with her; but this was far from being the case, for he had no eye for picturesque beauties. The country, in his opinion, was never pleasant, excepting during the hunting season: though it might be bearable earlier, provided his house was full of company; at other times it was detestable;

testable ; yet, in fair weather, while he was engaged in exercise, he was cheerful and content : but the evenings passed in a family party, hung heavy upon his hands, and a rainy day totally unhinged him.

Unfortunately, though he had very good parts, he had, from his earliest youth, been too eager in the pursuit of pleasure, to have either time or inclination to cultivate his understanding ; and, now, though he was become more sober and domestic, still this seemed a task beyond his ability.

Not being accustomed to derive any amusement from books, it never occurred to him, to have recourse to them ; but if, on the recommendation of others, he was induced to open one, he seldom got beyond a page ; nor could he bear that any body should read to him.

Emma,

Emma, therefore, was obliged to reserve books for her private recreation, as she was all those little occupations (music excepted) in which she took delight.—But, even music had not always charms for Lord Miramont, though he really understood it, and sung remarkably well.

When no gay party animated him into exertion, his usual manner of spending the evening was, to lounge on a sofa, with Emma seated near him, whom he wished not to be otherwise employed, than to prevent him from feeling *ennui*.—Her spirits and good humour often enabled her to distance this fiend; but, like the spider, having no materials to work with, save those she drew from her own store, these were sometimes exhausted; and then her Lord, after complaining of the tediousness of time in the country, either became troubled with the fidgets, or fell fast asleep.

To compensate for the indolence imposed upon her in the evening, Emma redoubled her activity in the morning.— All the poor in the parishes round Highwood she took under her protection; she fed and clothed the aged, visited the sick and infirm, saw that nothing was neglected which could contribute to their ease and relief, and placed the orphan children at schools, which she herself frequently overlooked, providing for their maintenance and support: in short, her whole study was to render this class of people, as good and as happy as was in her power.

Lord Miramont's purse was ever ready to open at her request, but his charity never flowed spontaneously; it was necessary she should give it an impulse, for of itself it stagnated. Sometimes, too, he ridiculed her making herself the *Lady Bountiful* of the village; or he observed, that though it might be right to assist the
 poor,

poor, yet it was a work of supererogation for her to do this in person: such an office might, with propriety, be delegated to the housekeeper or steward, who would probably execute it infinitely better.

Emma, on this subject, ventured to controvert his opinion.—The housekeeper, she said, though a very good woman, was disinclined to move out of her own sphere, and too fond of her own ease to take the trouble of making a circle of visits to cottages;—whilst *she*, always accustomed to exercise, found health and pleasure united in these tours. The steward, certainly, was as active as herself; but, then, he was always loaded with business; and it could not be expected that he should give up much of his time to this.

Lord Miramont, not being able to produce any reasonable arguments against those

those of his wife, generally concluded the debate, with saying—"That he liked things to go on in a common way—to do as other people did—and that it was possible, by going into extremes, to render benevolence itself ridiculous."

Emma heard these, or other words to the same effect, repeatedly; but they no otherwise influenced her conduct, than to make her cautiously avoid, being absent from home, at those hours, when Lord Miramont might wish for her company.—This wish was very frequent,—for still she was adored; and, even in those points in which he differed from her, he could not help secretly admiring the principles, upon which she acted.

Emma's reluctance in parting with her mother, at the time appointed for her journey to Bath, was lessened by the conviction, that she would be happier there

there than at Highwood; and Mrs. Mourtray promised to pass a couple of months with her, when she returned to town.

About a month after the departure of the former, Emma received a letter from her, in which she announced, in terms of rapture, her happiness that, at length, her son was restored to her, Lord Clannarmon having faithfully fulfilled his promise, and brought him to Bath, where he learned that she was, from Fitzaubert, whom they found in town. She added, that Henry would be at Highwood almost as soon as her letter; and, in fact, he arrived only a few hours later.

Lord Miramont received him with the greatest kindness, and Emma with transports of joy, in which he sincerely participated, on seeing his amiable sister after so long a separation; heartily congratulating her on the delightful change, which, during

during that period, had taken place in her situation.

She observed her brother had lost somewhat of his beauty ; but he had gained in manners, and no trace of the coxcomb was discernible.

The following day, when the hurry of their spirits had subsided, Emma desired to have a circumstantial account, of all that had befallen him.—~~He~~ He complied with her request, and she heard him, with infinite satisfaction, dwell upon Lord Clannarmon's kindness, with the strongest expressions of gratitude.—“ Yet I was forced to leave him abruptly,” continued he ; “ and, when I took my flight from Sydney Farm, not to deal so openly with him, as he had a right to expect.—A plan I had suddenly conceived I knew he would oppose, but I thought it indispensable to my honour ; therefore, I resolved to go abroad, and serve in the Austrian army

as a volunteer: neither could I tell him my fixed intention of seeing Selina before I left England, as he would have thought my scheme mad and impracticable. I executed it, however, happily.

“ One night, after we had parted, I waited till I judged every body to be asleep, when I went down softly, and set out, on foot, to ———. This is a large town, not in the direct road to London, which, for that reason, I made my route: here I arrived about seven o'clock in the morning, and, having purchased every thing necessary to equip me as a woman, proceeded on my journey, till I found a retired spot convenient for my dressing-room, where I hastily put on my new apparel; and, thus transformed, I took a place in the first stage coach I reached, which conveyed me to town.”

“ Ay!—and then you set up as a milliner!” said Emma, laughing.

“ I per-

"I perceive," resumed Henry, "that you are already informed of that adventure; therefore I shall only add, that, soon afterwards, I ventured to write a farewell letter to Selina, and gave her a direction to write to me; but I have never been so happy to hear from her since."

"How did you direct the letter you wrote her?"

"Under cover to her maid, whom I had won over to my interest," answered Henry.

"That explains the cause of Selina's silence," said Emma: "her father, undoubtedly, intercepted this letter, for he suddenly discharged Fanny, without assigning any motive for this dismissal."

"You dear consoler!" exclaimed Henry:—"I see by your manner that Selina's heart

heart is still my own; and now, if the old man should but relent, I may yet hope to be supremely happy. That best of human beings, Clannarmon, is determined to undertake the task, of softening Silbourne's resentment. As soon as I quit you, we are to go immediately to York, where I shall stay while he begins his plan of operations; and, indefatigable as he is, to carry any point desirable to his friends, I cannot help thinking he will succeed in this."

"I most heartily wish it," said Emma; "but, for fear of being disappointed, be not too sanguine in your hopes; and recollect, that Mr. Silbourne is rather of an unbending temper. But, now, tell me, why you let our good parents, and myself, suffer so much pain and anxiety about you, which, by one line, you could so easily have prevented?"

"I acknow-

“ I acknowledge that I was to blame,” replied Henry ; “ and now that my brain is rather steadier than it was at that time, I am sensible of my error ; but I dreaded so much my parents opposition to my scheme—my father’s arguments—my mother’s fits of passion—still more, her tears—and your soft entreaties—that I resolved to keep a strict silence, till I could give a good account of myself ; or, what I should have preferred, till others could speak well of me.

“ I fought (perhaps) not amiss whilst I was with the Austrians ; but, the instant I had an opportunity, I hastened to fight under English colours ; when, I believe, I may, without vanity, say I fought well ; for then, being inspired with patriotic ardour, I fought to distinguish myself in serving my King and country. You are not ignorant that I was severely wounded, and that Thompson (the Surgeon) had no small difficulty in preserving my life.—

That

That worthy fellow, Rosstorne, though an excellent soldier, attended me with all the care of a nurse; and then came Clannarmon, like the good Samaritan, not, indeed, to pour wine and oil into my wounds, but the cordial of friendship into my heart. Three such worthy characters, appearing to have no other object in this world, excepting to serve me, in their respective ways; I no longer thought myself a forlorn being, but a person of *great* consequence; and, to speak seriously, I firmly resolved, that my future conduct should be unexceptionable.

“ Fortunately, when we were all in prison together, and that I had recovered my health, I was, in my turn, of some use to my friends; for having, as I suppose, less solidity of understanding than any of the party, I was not depressed as they were, by our misfortune, and often cheered their spirits by my rattling nonsense;

sense; though sometimes my gaiety was disturbed, by thinking on all the uneasiness I had given my father—on my mother with pity—and on Selina with regret:—nor did I forget you, my dear sister; but I knew you were happy.

“ At length we were exchanged—once more blessed with the sight of England, and arrived together in town.—There Rostorne flew to embrace his wife and children, and Thompson returned to his family, both nobly remunerated by Lord Clannarmon; for as to me, who had long existed solely by his bounty, I could only, at present, give them thanks: hereafter, I hope, I shall be able do more.

“ Fitzaubert, whom we found in town, was overjoyed to see his brother; but we only saw him for an instant, being impatient to reach Bath. I need not describe to you the meeting scene between
my

my mother and self. Poor dear soul!—
 she was really frantic with joy; and she
 embraced Clannarmon almost as fervently
 as she did me."

"She must be sensible," said Emma,
 "of the innumerable obligations he has
 conferred upon us."

"I hope so," replied Henry; "for
 my part, I never can acknowledge them
 sufficiently."

Emma enquired after Lord Clannar-
 mon's health.

"It is very good," answered Henry;
 "but he is still too apt to be melancholy:
 indeed, he is never cheerful, excepting
 when he has just performed some act of
 kindness or benevolence; and, luckily for
 his spirits, this happens frequently."

"Ah!

“ Ah ! who can be compared to him, in this respect ! ” thought Emma.

Henry only staid two days at High-wood, being impatient to meet Lord Clannarmon in town, whence they were to proceed to York.

CHAP. VII.

LORD MIRAMONT, who liked the country only during the winter, remained there till the end of March. On his arrival in town, he was agreeably surprized by a visit from Mr. Delisle, who had formerly been one of his most intimate friends; and, after an absence of two years, this young man was just returned from the East Indies.

The Marquis hastened to present him to Emma, as one of those persons he most valued; and, from that moment, Delisle almost lived in Hill Street. Ever anxious to oblige her Lord, Emma shewed his friend every attention in her power; but she soon felt she could not carry her complaisance so far, as to imbibe his partiality for this man.

To morals extremely relaxed, Delille joined a freedom of speech highly offensive to delicacy; and, not content with doing wrong himself, he seemed to have no greater delight, than when he could entice others to do the same. Lord Miramont and he had been at College, and afterwards travelled together.

Fond of pleasure, idle, and dissipated, they had naturally coalesced; but they could not keep an equal pace in their career; for, besides the superiority of Lord Miramont's condition, he had no parent to controul him, while Delille's daring spirit was curbed by his father; who, seeing his son on the high road to ruin, procured him an employment on the civil establishment, at Madras, whither, with infinite reluctance, he repaired.

Lord Miramont mourned his departure; but, at that time, he had so many agreeable affairs on his hands, that he
soon

soon forgot his friend, or only remembered him, when he wanted somebody to partake in his pleasures, or cheer his languid spirits.

On the death of Mr. Delisle, senior, who left his son a much larger share of wealth, than, as the younger branch of a noble but not opulent family, he had been supposed to possess, George Delisle immediately returned to England; and with him he brought all his former propensities, which he could now gratify, unrestrained either by a father's admonitions, or by a scanty fortune.

That same vivacity which, in early youth, had recommended him to the Marquis, remained unimpaired; and in this he saw an apology for all his faults. When any hint, or allusion, was made to these, Lord Miramont used to reply,—
 “Ay; but he is so pleasant, he is the best company in the world!”

The best company in the world, nevertheless, had no scruple to machinate the seduction of his wife, from the first moment he beheld her; and, though he apprehended her virtue might baffle his schemes, he was not disposed to abandon them.

Emma, with disgust, perceived the astonishing difference of Delisle's behaviour in Lord Miramont's presence, or absence: in the former case he affected a sort of unconcern and indifference, for which his friend used to rally him, saying, that his gallantry had rusted abroad; but if ever he was an instant alone with her, he assailed her ears with flattery: he professed the most enthusiastic admiration of her person and understanding; and, by artful insinuations, he attempted to shake her faith in her Lord's constancy.

Delisle's person was handsome: he had many superficial acquirements, and a natural

natural flow of eloquence: had he been less profligate, he might have been dangerous; but his vices carried their antidote with them, exciting abhorrence rather than love.

Lord Miramont's present mode of life, compared to that he led in the days of his intimacy with Delille, was extremely regular: the latter, at first, marvelled, and then laughed at the change. Lord Miramont never could stand a laugh: to prove that he was not so much reformed as to be *absolutely ridiculous*, according to Delille's assertion, he engaged with him in several joyous parties; but the delight he found in these not compensating for their bad consequences, he gradually declined mixing in them.

Nor did Delille press this matter; for, observing that Emma's influence, at present, was unbounded, he was sensible, unless it could by some means be diminished,

nished, he must not hope to regain his former ascendancy over the mind of his friend ; but should this ever happen, then they might once more render themselves famous, as libertines of the first order.

Emma had received several letters from her brother since he left Highwood : he was returned from his Yorkshire expedition, and now with his mother, at Downton : he hinted that Lord Clannarmon's manœuvres had been attended with unforeseen circumstances, which he would hereafter explain ; but that, in consequence of these, he had scarcely a doubt of matters terminating to his satisfaction.

Lady Bell Darnford now being of age, her husband received her fortune, which Lord Wilmington paid with very bad grace : it always went to his heart to part with money ; but to be forced to do this, in favour of such a man as Darnford, enraged

enraged him beyond all bounds; yet there was no remedy; for Lady Bell's fortune had been secured to her by her grandfather.

In consequence of this acquisition, the Darnfords hired a very pretty house, in Piccadilly, in furnishing of which Lady Bell displayed her taste. Here Emma, when she arrived in town, found her established, with an elegant carriage, servants in gay liveries, and every thing (to use Lady Bell's own expression) requisite to cut a dash. The interest, however, of twenty thousand pounds was very inadequate to support either her's, or her husband's expensive inclinations; but he hoped to derive no small assistance from gaming, which he could now carry on with additional spirit; and it was a matter of perfect indifference to her what he did, provided he did not interfere with her actions.

In one point they happened to agree ; which was, to give frequent assemblies and suppers : in these Lady Bell meant to be the principal object of admiration ; whilst he hoped, that the profits of a faro table he intended to hold, would enable him to continue on the same enlarged scale, as he had set out.

Lady Bell now courted Emma much less than she had done the preceding year ; because she did not want her so much ; but her professions of friendship were as warm as ever.

Lady Wilmington heard, with concern, of the style of life her daughter had adopted ; but, as she could only see her by stealth, Lady Bell gave her few opportunities, of annoying her with remonstrances.

Lady Elizabeth Paragon, who had flattered herself that she should entirely eclipse
her

her sister, was provoked beyond measure, when she found she could not succeed. Her splendid equipage attracted, indeed, the eyes of the multitude; but it might parade half the morning through the streets, without one smart beau attempting to stop its course, while Lady Bell's coach, elegantly simple, was seen surrounded by all the fine men, anxious to pay their homage to the object it contained.

Lady Elizabeth occasionally gave great assemblies, to shew the magnificence of her house: people flocked thither to stare and admire, eagerly pushed their way through the suite of apartments, exclaiming, "Vastly fine, charming, delightful!"—and then, with all possible expedition, they escaped to gayer parties; yet, when Lady Bell's house was open, though much inferior to her sister's in size and decorations, all the world not only crowded thither, but as many as

G 5

could,

could, fixed themselves there for the night.

These circumstances alone would have ulcerated Lady Elizabeth's temper, independent of other vexations, proceeding from her husband. *The catch-cold* mania still possessed Sir Harry: his health, as formerly, was to him an incessant source of anxiety; which, had it been confined to his own breast, would have given his wife no concern; but it gave rise to a thousand troublesome fancies, that she was obliged to humour, or to forego every gratification she desired: hence she was constrained to return home in the evening, just at the time when others began to go out, for fear his first sleep should be disturbed—to suffer no air to penetrate into the apartments in warm weather, that insensible perspiration might not be checked—to shiver over a handful of fire; because hot rooms relaxed the nerves, and smook affected the lungs—nay, she
was

was even forced to sit down to a table, served according to the last system of health, which he had adopted: this, indeed, he frequently changed; but, during the continuance of each, lest he should be tempted to deviate from the rules it prescribed, only certain dishes, dressed by his own directions, were allowed to appear.

Thus Lady Elizabeth, with immense riches, enjoyed none of the comforts, and few of the advantages she had, in imagination, annexed to them: a prey to *ennui*; linked to insipidity, in the form of Sir Harry, she vegetated in dull magnificence.

Mrs. Mourtray's complaints having this year attacked her with unusual violence, she felt herself too much enfeebled to join her daughter in town, at the time she had appointed; and Emma was obliged to deny herself the pleasure of

G 6

visiting

visiting her, that she might not leave the Marquis in the hands of Delisse : already had she ample cause to lament this intimacy ; for she could not disguise from herself, that, since its renewal, Lord Miramont was much altered.

At Highwood, it seemed painful to him to be absent from her ; but now he could pass whole days away, and apparently forget he had done so. In the course of the evening, she sometimes met him abroad : when this happened, he would smile, good-humouredly nod, and, as he passed along, perhaps, just speak to her ; but never attempt to join her party, now that he had Delisse's arm to lean upon.

Emma, with heart-felt sorrow, already experienced the truth of what her father had asserted, that no dependance can be placed on the stability of any man's conduct, which is unsupported by solid principles.

principles. He may, for a time, act well; but he is liable to be perverted by the slightest temptation, being unequal to contend with his passions.

Hence, after her marriage, only during the short space of one year, did Emma enjoy a considerable share of happiness; for it could not even then be perfect, unless Lord Miramont's mind had been as highly cultivated as her own. His conduct, however, during this period, was unexceptionable; and his tenderness seemed rather increased than diminished.

But no sooner did Delisse arrive, than he made it his study to seduce him into error: in this he was less actuated by malignancy of disposition, than by the desire of detaching him from his lovely wife, whose beauty captivated him, and who might, perhaps, if neglected by her Lord, fall a prey to his arts.

With

With the hope of obtaining her approbation, he had reformed his behaviour in many respects: he no longer offended her ears with *douhle entendres*, or any freedom of speech on serious subjects: his eyes, too, were under due restraint; and, in imitation of Joseph Surface, he occasionally broached the finest sentiments of humanity; which, he flattered himself, she would suppose to be the genuine offspring of his own mind.

But Emma had too much good sense to be so easily deceived: she attributed the reformation in his language to her Lord's delicacy; who, she thought, had hinted to him its former impropriety; and as to his fine sentiments, she could not believe a man capable of feeling them, whose conduct was so very culpable.

She treated him, therefore, with so cold and formal a civility, as extremely to vex
and

and disconcert him ; and, finding he made no progress whatever in her favour, he sought to divert his chagrin, by commencing a flirtation with Lady Bell Darnford.

Her house, now, was voted to be the most delightful *lounge* in London ; and seldom a day passed, without Lord Miramont's spending some hours in it : Delisle did the same ; and wherever Lady Bell went, he constantly followed.

Emma, though extremely glad to be delivered from his company, saw, with concern, this new alliance between vice and vanity, which could not fail of being highly prejudicial to Lady Bell. Hitherto, with all her faults, her character had escaped imputation ; but this could not be expected to continue, if she suffered the assiduities of Delisle.

Emma,

Emma, therefore, with her usual frankness, warned her to beware of him ; and, with her usual levity, Lady Bell laughed at what she called her prudery. She thought fit, however, to behave, when in public, with more circumspection.

CHAP. VIII.

ABOUT this time, Emma fell extremely ill of a fore throat and fever; for two days her life was in great danger, and the alarm this gave Lord Miramont recalled to his heart, as strongly as ever, that passion which before seemed deadened.

Nothing could equal his distraction, when he thought himself on the point of losing her: he never stirred from her bed side, though her disorder was said to be infectious; he gave her, himself, every medicine that was prescribed; and, if he had not been restrained by Delisle, he would have performed a thousand desperate actions.

Lady Wilmington, too, assisted in calming his excessive agitation: conformably
to

to her ideas of propriety, she came regularly every day during Lady Miramont's illness to enquire after her health. On these occasions she would insist on seeing her nephew; and, as she really loved him, she exerted herself to calm his fears.

Nor was Lady Bell quite void of anxiety for her friend; she recollected all her amiable qualities, and the warmth and sincerity of her early attachment; she suffered, therefore, for about six hours, ~~some uneasiness~~ about her; during which time, she reflected how shocking it was to die in the bloom of youth and beauty, with every advantage of rank, fortune, and situation. Lady Bell wept abundantly: again she exclaimed—It was shocking—it was lamentable!—At that instant her eye rested on a card rack; there she saw an invitation to a ball that night:—she started up—flew to the glass—fretted at the redness of her eyes—looked at her watch—perceived the lateness of the hour
with

with chagrin;—and, despairing to look tolerable at this said ball, she decided to stay at home.

The day following, when Emma was pronounced out of danger, Lady Bell expressed the liveliest joy: she went at night to a great assembly.—Some persons mentioned, how much they had been disappointed at not meeting her at the ball:—“ Good Heaven !” exclaimed she; “ how could you suppose it possible for me to be there? Lady Miramont was thought to be in danger; and I was the veriest wretch on earth.”

Sidonie, who accidentally heard of Emma's situation by one of her servants, ran breathless to her house, where she established herself as prime nurse, regardless of being censured as officious; and to her tender care may, in great measure, be ascribed the recovery of her benefactress.

Sidonie,

Sidonie, the child of Adversity, had long been inured to sufferings of every description; hence she had acquired patience and fortitude to encounter them, as well as a presence of mind, which, in urgent cases, always suggested *that* which was best to be done: hence, while Lord Miramont, distracted with grief, wildly raved, and the servants, who adored their Lady, were shedding useless tears, *Sidonie*, calm, though sorely afflicted, was busily occupied in following the directions of the physicians.

Lady Wilmington, who applauded highly her own conduct, in sacrificing a portion of her time to her nephew, or rather to the solitude of the drawing-room (for it often happened that he would not quit his wife's chamber for more than a few minutes), Lady Wilmington, then, could not forbear remarking the unremitting attention of *Sidonie*; and, one day, when Emma was recovering, she
said,

said, with an assumed graciousness,—“ I wonder, Madam, that you, who (as I understand) have children, will unnecessarily expose yourself to the danger of infection.”

“ My children, Madam,” returned *Sidonie*, “ are in no danger: I shall not see them, till Lady Miramont’s health is perfectly re-established. Probably my parents and my children, had their subsistence depended solely on my feeble exertions, would long since have been starved; but to Lady Miramont’s kindness we are indebted for every comfort we enjoy; and now to be of some little use to her, is the only pleasure I have known since the beginning of our misfortunes.”

Lady Wilmington felt this eulogium on Emma as a tacit reproach to herself and Lord; but she was mistaken, for *Sidonie* was wholly ignorant, that her husband’s family and the Fontelieus were derived

derived from the same stock.—Displeased, therefore, as was Lady Wilmington, she observed, that, however good the intentions of *Sidonie* might be, yet the notions and manners of foreigners (especially in regard to treating the sick) differed so widely from those of the English, that she could be of little use.

“Certainly of far less than I could wish, Madam,” replied *Sidonie*; “and very possibly, a difference may exist between the English and French, in this particular; but the sensations incident to human nature are the same in all countries.—Thus, Lady Miramont, perhaps, finds, that gratitude in me supplies the want of skill as a nurse; and I, Madam, feel, that my situation, which once was as happy as your’s appears now, has still some comforts left.”

Lady Wilmington, frowning, rang for her carriage, and *Sidonie* returned to her charge.—

charge.—It may easily be imagined, how sensibly a heart, tender as was Emma's, felt the generous conduct of her friend, who, during ten days, devoted herself wholly to her service, leaving her children to the care of the Duke and Duchess; and did not retire, till she saw the Marchioness in a state of convalescence.

Mrs. Mourtray, who had suffered infinite anxiety during her daughter's illness, was at this juncture ill herself, and thereby prevented from leaving Downton; but Henry hastened to town to see his sister; and, as change of air was strongly recommended to her, she waved her objections to quitting Lord Miramont, and obtained his permission to accompany Henry on his return to Downton.

Nothing could be more tender than the farewell between the Marquis and Marchioness: it was the first time they had

had been separated since their marriage, and it seemed to both as an insupportable misfortune. He wished to have gone with her, but Emma denied herself the pleasure of his company, because she knew the arrival of such a guest at Downton, would put her mother into one of her habitual bustles, which, in her present weak state, could not fail of hurting her.

After a thousand recommendations to Henry, to take care of his sister, and as many to her, to hasten back, Lord Miramont suffered the travellers to depart.

On their route, Henry related more fully what he had before only hinted, concerning the footing upon which he now stood with the Silbournes.

“ You know,” said he, “ that Clannarmon has a friend of the name of Webster, who lives very near York : this
Gentle-

Gentleman's estate joins that of Silbourne, with whom he lives on terms of great intimacy; Clannarmon, therefore, after leaving me at York, went and took up his quarters at Mr. Webster's house; thence it was perfectly natural that he should call upon Silbourne, with whom he had made some acquaintance in London.—His reception was extremely cordial, and he was pressed by the old Gentleman, to come and pass some time with him before he left the North.

“ Not to appear too eager, Clannarmon seemed rather to hesitate, pleading want of time; but the other becoming still more pressing, he complied with an invitation, which was exactly what he wanted.

“ As it is scarcely possible to see much of my excellent friend, and not to like him; and as he particularly sought to ingratiate himself with Silbourne, before

he had been three days in the house; he became so very high in his favour, that he gave some broad hints, how much he should approve of him as a son-in-law:—you will not be surprized at this, as you know the blunt character of the man.

“ These hints, however, Clannarmon let pass unnoticed; and Silbourne, somewhat disappointed, one day asked him, if he never intended to marry?—to which he answered in the negative.

‘ I am very sorry to hear this,’ said Silbourne;” but I see I am born to be unlucky, and must not hope that Selina will ever be married to my satisfaction.—Perhaps you have heard, that I once intended giving her to Mr. Henry Mourtray; but he turned out very ill—so there was an end of that affair. I was vexed at this, for I own I liked the young man, till I discovered that he was worthless.’

“ Clannarmon,

“ Clannarmon, now, thought this a good opportunity to say something in my favour: you will easily guess, that he softened, as much as was consistent with truth, many ugly circumstances; yet he related the whole of my story, only concealing that I was in the neighbourhood.

“ But his narrative had an effect quite different from what he had expected; for, though Silbourne acknowledged, that I had endeavoured to atone for my errors, he seemed as disinclined as before to give me his daughter; and, slightly as Lord Clannarmon passed over the part he had taken in my affairs, yet Silbourne dwelt upon his merit; and his character having risen still higher in his estimation, he could not refrain from expressing the most ardent desire, to have him for his son-in-law.

“ A thought then suddenly struck Clannarmon, that he might turn this predi-

lection to a good account ; he therefore shewed some inclination, to consider of the old man's proposal, which delighted him beyond measure ; and, soon after, he took his leave, promising, before he left the country, to make him a second visit.

“ He now joined me at York ; but he desired I would ask him no questions, and wait patiently his return from Silbourne's, when he hoped he should be able to give me a satisfactory account of his proceedings.

“ As he did not arrive quite so soon as Silbourne had expected, the latter began to apprehend he had forgotten his promise, and he was overjoyed to see him again.—Clannarmon now said, that, having maturely reflected on the honour he designed him, if he were certain Miss Silbourne could be happy with him, he would propose to her :—‘ For I presume,’
added

added he, 'that your first object must be to promote your daughter's happiness.'

'Undoubtedly,' replied Silbourne.

'Well, then,' said Clannarmon, 'as our wishes perfectly agree, promise me that you will not attempt to controul Miss Silbourne's sentiments; and, honoured as I am with your good opinion, perhaps you will suffer me, in the way I judge best, to make her a proposal which I hope she will accept.'

"Silbourne, quite delighted, entreated he would not defer doing this; and the evening was fixed upon for this important business.—The old gentleman wished to leave the young people alone, but this Clannarmon opposed: after tea, therefore, my friend, addressing Selina, said—'You will be somewhat surprized, Madam, at the abruptness of this declaration, as, likewise, at my presumption, in hoping

that you will not refuse a proposal, I mean to have the honour of making you. I need not tell you, that your father has nothing at heart so much as your happiness; and, I must say, it is impossible to know you, and not feel extremely interested in it.'

" Selina, who had turned pale, looked with amazement on Clannarmon, unable to reconcile this language, with some secret conversations, which had previously passed between them; but he, without seeming to notice her embarrassment, proceeded:—

' Mr. Silbourne has, then, been so kind, as to entrust me with the care of promoting this desirable object; and, could I hope you would accept my offer, I flatter myself that you would hereafter acknowledge, that you owed your happiness to me.'

" Selina,

“ Selina, remaining silent, not knowing what to make of this confident address; Silbourne warmly entreated her not to refuse so honourable a proposal; and Clannarmon, approaching her, as if to plead his own cause, said, in a whisper, — ‘ Have no apprehensions:—say, you consent.’ ”

“ Re-assured by this hint, and having perfect confidence in him, Selina said, in a firm manner—‘ I do consent to whatever Lord Clannarmon proposes, because I know that he is sincerely attached to me; and, since he is authorized by my father, I promise that he shall decide my future lot.’ ”

“ Silbourne, in a transport of joy, embraced first his daughter, and then Clannarmon, who secretly dispatched a messenger to me, desiring I would meet him in Silbourne’s park, very early the following morning. As soon as we met, he

related all that passed, and told me how he meant to proceed: accordingly, when summoned to breakfast, he led me into the parlour, to the utter amazement of both father and daughter.—‘ You, Sir,’ said he, ‘ delegated to me the delightful task of making your daughter happy, and she condescended, to abide by whatever I should propose with this view; knowing, therefore, that it is utterly impossible she could ever enjoy felicity with any other, than the man to whom she long ago gave her heart, I presume to entreat you will accept of Henry, instead of me. Whatever imprudences he formerly committed, for these he has been severely punished; and now, deploring his errors, he comes to sue for pardon.—Ah! Sir, generously forgive him; and suffer me to perform the engagement I undertook, of rendering your daughter happy.’

“ Silbourne seemed absolutely petrified; but as soon as he recovered the use
of

of speech, he muttered something about tricks, and that he could not have believed Lord Clannarmon would serve him thus.—My friend said, that it had not been without reluctance that he adopted this measure; but he considered it as the only resource left, to serve two amiable persons.

“ Selina, in the mean while, trembling for the consequences, and, perhaps, flurried, by seeing me so unexpectedly, was taken ill, and nearly fainted: this alarmed both her father and me; and the first words she pronounced, when she revived, being ‘ Dearest Henry!’ Silbourne viewed me with a milder eye; and Clannarmon, seizing this moment, when he appeared softened, renewed his suit with redoubled zeal.—Selina did not speak, but she had got hold of her father’s hand, which she repeatedly pressed to her lips. You may imagine I was not silent, and

that I pleaded my own cause, with all the eloquence I could command.

“ At length, Silbourne’s obstinacy shewed symptoms of yielding ; and our united entreaties wrung from him a promise, that, if he should see nothing in my conduct to make him retract it, he would, on the same conditions he had formerly prescribed, bestow Selina’s hand upon me in the course of the following summer.

“ Think of my happiness, my dear sister, and how much I owe to that excellent creature, Clannarmon, who really has acted, in every trying circumstance of my life, like my guardian angel !”

“ He has, indeed !” said Emma ; “ and I know not any character more estimable than his ; for the welfare of others seems his only care.”

She

She rejoiced in her brother's agreeable prospects, and these, and other interesting matters, furnished them abundantly with conversation, till they reached Downton.—The sight of her daughter, for an instant, made Mrs. Mourtray forget all her complaints; but her satisfaction was somewhat allayed, when she had time to observe how pale and thin she looked. She was, in despite of her indisposition, in high spirits, having just received a letter from her husband, which informed her that he had gained his suit, with costs, and was actually in possession of the estate, from which he had so long been unjustly withheld; that as soon as he had put it in a fair way to become as productive as it was capable of being, he would return to England; and, in the mean while, he should transmit a sum, sufficient (as he hoped) to make her comfortable, being shortly himself to receive considerable arrears.

The native air of Emma—the society of her mother and brother, both cheered by their respective views—the hopes of her father's speedy return—the pleasant change in his circumstances—and the lively joy demonstrated in the house and neighbourhood, on seeing again their beloved young Lady—all contributed to restore her health; and, once more, her cheeks regained their wonted bloom.

One morning, when she and Mrs. Mourtray had been airing, Peter told them, as they alighted from the carriage, that Lord Clannármion was just gone.—“His Lordship came, I fancy, to stay, Madam,” said he, to Mrs. Mourtray; “but as soon as he heard her Ladyship was here, I suppose he thought as how there would not be room for he—so he ordered his servants to drive home.”

“Dear me!” cried Mrs. Mourtray; “how sorry I am!—And what a fool
you

you were not to stop him!—you knew well enough I could give him a room.”

“ So I told him, Madam ;—but, la ! he did not mind me ; and he was off in the twinkling of an eye.”

Emma guessed his reason, but this she did not disclose ; and Lord Clannarmon having entirely won Mrs. Mourtray’s heart, by his behaviour to her son, she continued the whole day fretting, that he had not stayed ; observing, what an agreeable meeting it would have been to all parties.

Emma would fain have persuaded her mother, to return to town with her ; but, being still weak, Mrs. Mourtray thought it best to remain at home ; and as the Thornleys were daily expected in her neighbourhood, Emma left her with the less reluctance, certain of their unremitting attentions to amuse her.

Henry

Henry accompanied his sister on her return, being as impatient as herself to reach town, whither the Silbournes were now arrived.—Lord Miramont received his charming wife, after a fortnight's absence, with many expressions of delight; but, excepting the first evening of her arrival, he never shewed any disposition to stay at home; though her late severe illness made her cautious of exposing herself to the night air; and she was not sorry to have a pretext for going less out than formerly.

CHAP. IX.

EMMA having only seen Lady Bell Darnford once, for a quarter of an hour, since her illness, did not learn, till after her return to town, a circumstance which had happened in the Darnford family:—this Delille eagerly communicated:—

“A divine creature!” said he,—“one of the most charming women in the world, is just arrived from Ireland; and she is come to stay some time with Lady Bell!”

Emma, coolly, asked her name.

“It is Mrs. Lenner (Darnford’s sister),” answered he:—“ask Miramont, if she is not enchanting!”

The Marquis was silent; and Emma saying, that she had heard Mrs. Lenmer was very handsome, Delisle urged her to hasten, and judge of this herself.—“ You will be delighted with each other !” continued he ; “ for she is so soft and gentle, that she will exactly suit you !”

While he was yet speaking, the knocker proclaimed the arrival of company, and Lady Bell, preceding Mrs. Lenmer, introduced her to Lady Miramont.—The latter thought her face beautiful; but, during a short visit, she could not judge, whether she was, in disposition, deserving of Delisle’s violent encomiums.

Mrs. Lenmer, when extremely young, married an Irish Gentleman of large fortune; a circumstance very convenient to her parents, as they had none to give her.—At that early period of her life, having but just emerged from her nursery,

fery, she had no sort of objection to give her hand to Mr. Lenmer, whose person was far from disagreeable, and who secured her an advantageous establishment; and, as he loved her to excess, she imagined, that she could not be otherwise than happy with him.

But the warmth of his temper, and his extravagant jealousy, soon convinced her of the contrary; and, as he had ever been an object of indifference to her, she neither tried to sooth, nor to humour him. Consequently, they lived exceedingly ill together; violent scenes ensued between them; often they were on the point of parting; but he, being still in love, and she, finding the full enjoyment of his fortune extremely pleasant, they always found it expedient to make up their quarrels; though nothing could prevent their renewing them, with redoubled force, on the first occasion.

Seven years they had thus passed in warfare, when, after a very serious contention, Lenmer, finding it impracticable to pacify his wife, by any of those means which he had usually found successful, was reduced to the alternative of a final separation, or of consenting to a scheme she had long projected, which was, to suffer her to pass some months in England.

After she had extorted from him a most reluctant permission, he still found a thousand pretences to detain her in Ireland; but she secretly won over her brother to her interests, and, as he was now settled in a good house in London, and wrote her pressing letters to come, and make him and Lady Bell a visit, Lenmer could no longer find any excuses, to elude the performance of his promise.

She well knew that she could not be molested with his company, as he had
business

business that must detain him at Dublin; therefore, at length, she had the pleasure of leaving a man and country, almost equally detestable, in her opinion, and to become an inmate of her brother's house.

Lady Bell had not once been consulted in this business; and Mrs. Lenmer had actually landed in England, before she heard that she was to have such a guest. — This reserve in Colonel Darnford highly excited her displeasure, and she resolved to resent it, by giving his sister, whom he loved, a very cold reception: but Mrs. Lenmer's beauty, her coaxing manners, and insinuating flattery, soon mollified her anger; and, reflecting that such a companion could not disgrace, but rather be of use to her, by bringing plenty of men to her house, she affected to be charmed with her.

Nothing was talked of for some days, but the Irish Beauty, as she was erroneously

neously called; and, even when some fresh subject engaged the public attention, still she never appeared without exciting admiration.—But it was her face alone that was admired; for she had but an indifferent figure, and was rather too fat.

Emma saw her frequently, because she could not avoid it, while she was Lady Bell's guest, and Mrs. Lenmer seemed anxious to obtain her good opinion; but time and experience, had rendered Lady Miramont rather cautious how she attached herself; and, notwithstanding Mrs. Lenmer's character of gentleness, certain unguarded looks and words, which sometimes escaped from her, made Emma suspect this, as well as other virtues for which she was extolled, were rather assumed than natural.

What Mrs. Lenmer affected to be, Selina Silbourne was in reality; and very different

different was the impression that she had made, in the earliest period of their acquaintance, on Emma. Now, indeed, that amiable girl was endeared to her, not only by her merit, but also on her brother's account, and become her inseparable companion. Henry conducted himself so prudently, that Silbourne became cordially reconciled to him, and ceased to complain (as he had done for a short time) of having been tricked by Lord Clannarmon.

Lady Bingfield, who was very fond of her niece, had seen, with extreme concern, the deep dejection of her spirits during that period, when Mr. Silbourne's resentment against Henry appeared implacable; and, as she made allowances for the imprudence of youth, Henry had never irrecoverably forfeited her favour; therefore, as soon as she was convinced, that his character was become more steady, she grew eager to promote his union

union with Selina, whose mild virtues she believed, would entirely complete his reformation.

Preparations were now made for the marriage of the young people; and, immediately after this was celebrated, they and Mr. Silbourne went to Downton, where they stayed a few days before they set out for Yorkshire, Mrs. Mourtray's infirmities having prevented her coming to town, on the late joyful occasion.

To see her darling, Henry, thus advantageously established, delighted her most extremely; and enabled her to bear, with more patience than could have been expected from her disposition, an illness, which, though not dangerous, was exceedingly tedious.

Lord Miramont, this year, announced his intention of leaving town a month earlier than usual, which Emma heard with

with great satisfaction, observing to him, that she should now see Highwood in full beauty: "Yes; and gayer than ever you saw it before," returned he; "for the Darnfords, Mrs. Lenmer, and Delisle, have promised to pass some time with us."

Emma was glad he left the room without waiting for an answer; for she could not feign a pleasure she did not feel; and this gay party by no means suited her taste. The observations she had daily opportunities of making on the behaviour of some of them, convinced her that this, at least, was highly imprudent; and Mrs. Lenmer had not made any progress in her esteem, though there appeared no glaring impropriety in her conduct.—Emma felt that, pure and innocent as was her own, still it would be difficult, at her age, entirely to escape censure, when surrounded by persons of light manners, and

and who all, more or less, seemed disposed to set the world at defiance.

She, therefore, wished to have some respectable companion, whose presence, under these circumstances, might be deemed a protection; but how mortifying was the idea, that this should be necessary in her own house; and, with a sigh, did she again recollect her father's parting advice.

As she had not ventured making any objection to Lord Miramont's intended guests, he made none to her proposal of visiting her mother, for a couple of days, before they went to Highwood, whom she hoped to find sufficiently recovered, to accompany her thither.

But, disappointed in this favourite scheme, by Mrs. Mourtray's state of health, Emma renewed, more pressing
than

than before, an invitation she had already given Lady Bingfield, to come and pass some time with her, on her return from Brighthelmstone, whither she had gone immediately after the marriage of her niece. Lady Bingfield, who loved and admired Emma extremely, and who was aware of the awkwardness of her situation, promised to be with her in the course of a month.

Emma had only been three days at Highwood, when Lord Miramont's friends arrived: the agreeable prospect she had of becoming a mother, afforded her a reasonable pretext for declining to attend them in various parties, formed for their amusement. Lord Miramont seemed indefatigable in framing these, as well as in procuring them diversions of all sorts, gaming excepted; but as this alone suited Colonel Darnford's taste, after a fortnight's stay at Highwood, he returned to London, where he could always enjoy

what constituted the grand business of his life.

His stay, or his departure, little interested Emma; but all her guests were delighted, to get rid of a person extremely inconvenient to them; and neither Lady Bell, nor Delisle, attempted to conceal their joy.

No sooner was Darnford gone, than they established a little *coterie* among themselves: the sociable carried them out in the morning, whenever the weather permitted; and, if this was unfavourable for their long excursions, then they played at billiards. Emma seldom saw any of the party till dinner, as she was out, taking a quiet drive in her little chaise, long before they were ready for breakfast. In the evening, as they all pretended to have a violent rage for walking, they set out, immediately after they had dined, on some ramble, from which they did

did not return till it was dark ; and then, when they could not avoid being with her, two of them usually contrived to be upon duty at a time, while the other pair sat lolling and whispering together, on a sofa, in an adjoining room.

At first Mrs. Lenmer, meaning to seem *prettily behaved*, paid great court to the Lady of the house ; but, gradually, she relaxed in her attentions, finding that she gained no ground with Emma, who, invariably, treated her with the most formal civility. After her brother's departure, Mrs. Lenmer no longer gave herself the trouble of attempting to conciliate the favour of a person, whom she represented to be of a most cold and repulsive disposition.

Lady Bell, who had, for some time, affected to be extravagantly fond of her sister-in-law, now thought fit to resent Emma's pretended neglect of her ; and

having totally obliterated from her mind, all recollection of their former friendship, she treated her with an indifference, often bordering on rudeness.

Delisle's manner to Emma had not altered; but while he sought, as to the wife of his friend, to convince her of his respectful attachment, he was artfully taking every opportunity to fill her breast with anguish, by insinuating, that Mrs. Lenmer was become her rival. His hints, however, were unnecessary, for too plainly did Emma herself perceive this.

For a short time after their arrival in the country, Lord Miramont's behaviour, to all appearance, was the same as usual; yet, even then, Emma was sensible that it had undergone a great change: his eyes no longer sought her's: when she spoke, however attentive he seemed, she could perceive, by his vacant look, that often
his

his ears caught only the sound, not the sense of her words: his smiles still expressed good humour; but never that cordial satisfaction, when they met after a short absence, nor that rapturous delight when people admired her, as they had formerly. Those little nameless attentions, the dictates of sentiment, which he received without observing, he never remembered to repay. Till lately, whatever she wore, appeared to him the most becoming dress that could be invented:—now, he ceased to remark, whether she had or had not attended to her toilet.—Trivial as is this circumstance, yet it served, amongst innumerable others, to prove his indifference, especially when contrasted with his behaviour to Mrs. Lenmer; who, now engrossing his thoughts more and more, this indifference became marked in stronger characters.

All the miseries of unrequited love;—
all those which a delicate mind feels in

an union with a man, who has no other guide than his passions, Emma, at present, experienced ; but she neither complained, nor met her Lord with looks of discontent, too sensible that, after what she had seen of his character, and the admonition she had received from her father, she never ought to have expected to fix his wavering affections. Her sorrows, therefore, she confined to her own bosom ; while, by her meek and amiable deportment, she sought to regain his heart.

It afforded her some degree of consolation, when Lady Bingfield arrived at Highwood ; for in her she had a friend, with whom she could be unreserved on all subjects, save one, and therefore no longer felt quite forlorn.

But even Lady Bingfield's presence, occasioned no alteration, in the conduct of the licentious party in the house ; and to their other amusements, they added
that

that of *quizzing* her. Delisle and Lady Bell declared, one day, that they knew no other purpose for which old women were good. Lord Miramont smiled approbation; and *the gentle* Mrs. Lenmer said, that, for her part, she abominated them, and thought it would be no bad thing, if the custom of drowning them, as established in some countries, was introduced here. Emma gave her a look of horror; but, not to irritate her Lord, she imposed silence upon herself.

Lady Bingfield, of course, had been absent during this pretty dialogue: she, however, perfectly understood the sentiments of these amiable people, and despised them most thoroughly.

Such was the state of affairs at Highwood; when, one morning, there came a card from a Nobleman, in the neighbourhood, inviting Lord and Lady Miramont, and their guests, to a concert; and as

Emma heard, that her Lord was in his dressing-room, she chose to carry the card herself, that she might see him for a moment—a pleasure she had not yet had that day.

As she opened the door, she heard one, exactly opposite to it, bang with great violence, and the tail of a muslin gown appearing, the door was hastily re-opened to extricate the gown, which instantly vanished. She well knew that the owner of this, could be no other than Mrs. Lenmer; for she had just before caught a glimpse of Lady Bell, in a riding habit. Confounded at this glaring proof of her Lord's infidelity, for a moment poor Emma stood speechless; but, recovering her presence of mind, she presented the card, without, however, daring to look at Lord Miramont, whose supposed confusion she wished to spare.

But

But a very different sentiment seemed in him to predominate; for he angrily enquired, why she had taken the office of his servants upon herself? This was too much: she could no longer command her tears; and, with great emotion, she said,—“ Ah! Lord Miramont!—there was a time when you never thought me troublesome!”

“ There never was a time,” cried he, in a loud voice, “ when intrusion could be agreeable to me.”

“ Intrusion!” repeated Emma; “ but this shall be the last!”—and, more dead than alive, she made what haste she could to regain her apartment, where a copious flood of tears somewhat relieved her full heart.

However guilty Lord Miramont might be, he was too good-natured not to feel, as soon as his anger cooled, some anxiety

for his wife, whose situation appealed forcibly to his humanity; therefore, when he had finished dressing, he went to her apartment.

He found her pale and sad, but composed; for, in all her sufferings, she had, in religion, a source of consolation denied to the vicious: he now thought fit to apologize for the harsh language he had used; and Emma, mild and tender, easily forgave; but, alas! she could not forget what she had seen; and no explanation, in regard to this, was either offered or demanded.

A sort of reconciliation, however, took place; and though she felt so disordered, that she would gladly have spent the rest of the day in her own apartment, at Lord Miramont's earnest request, she consented to appear at dinner.

Mrs.

Mrs. Lenmer, whom she expected to have seen somewhat abashed, behaved with her wonted ease ; and even affected great solicitude for her health.

The Marquis, whatever he felt, avoided, during that evening, having any particular conversation with Mrs. Lenmer ; but the following day things returned into their former channel.

Soon, however, these met with a very serious and unexpected interruption.— One morning, when Emma returned from her airing, Lord Miramont, whose visits became daily less frequent, came, with a disturbed air, into her dressing-room ; but as he did not say what had ruffled him, she forbore to enquire. While he was pacing the room, seemingly absorbed in thought, Lady Bingfield entered :— her looks, strikingly contrasted with his, appearing unusually gay ; and, with a malicious smile, she said—“ So, Lord
I 6 Miramont,

Miramont, I understand most of your guests are on the point of leaving you !”

“ Yes, Madam,” replied he, darting at her a fierce look ; “ that . . . Mr. Lenmer is coming from Ireland.”

“ So much the better,” returned Lady Bingfield : “ I wonder he would suffer his wife to be so long in England, without him,”

“ The better, indeed !” retorted Lord Miramont :—“ he is a horrid brute, and uses Mrs. Lenmer infamously.”

“ Undoubtedly, then, he is much to blame,” said Lady Bingfield ; “ yet bad husbands are sometimes reclaimed, by the prudent conduct of their wives.”

Lord Miramont, perhaps, was sensible this was not likely to be the case with
Mr.

Mr. Lenmer; and, vexed at Lady Bingfield's sarcastic air, he abruptly departed.

Emma, who had not opened her lips during this short dialogue, could no longer repress her curiosity to learn more on its interesting subject.

"I can tell you little, my dear Lady Miramont," answered Lady Bingfield:—"what I mentioned, I gathered from the angry exclamations, of Lady Bell Darnford and Mrs. Lenmer. I fancy they have received a summons from Colonel Darnford; for when I went, just now, into the library to fetch a book, I found them sitting in grand council, with an open letter laying before them; and they did not think me of sufficient consequence, to restrain their wrath in my presence."

Just

Just as Lady Bingfield ended these words, Lady Bell made her appearance:—"I suppose you have heard," said she, "the unpleasant news, Lady Miramont."

"What news, Madam?"

"Why, that we are obliged to leave you to-morrow. Colonel Darnford is so absurd, as to insist on Mrs. Lenmer's being in town to meet her odious husband, who is daily expected there."

"It is, indeed, highly unreasonable!" said Lady Bingfield, ironically.

"I hope," said Lady Bell, warmly, "that she will make his reception so disagreeable, as speedily to drive him back to his wild countrymen."

"A most charitable wish!" cried Lady Bingfield; "and give me leave to add

add mine, that Mrs. Lenmer may accompany him!"

Emma devoutly wished the same, though she kept this to herself; and Lady Bell, highly provoked, after making some sharp speeches, to the good old Lady, retired.

Mrs. Lenmer was dissolved in tears the whole evening, in despite of all the pains taken to console her by her worthy associates. Lord Miramont, also, was extremely dejected; and the following morning, when Lady Bell and Mrs. Lenmer departed, he seemed quite in a state of despair.

The farewell between them and Emma was equally cold on all sides. Delisle wished to accompany the travellers, but Lord Miramont wanted his company; and the Ladies, less apprehensive of displeasing

pleasing their husbands (a trifling consideration) by accepting such an escort, than of incurring the censure of the world, dispensed with his attendance, on condition that he would shortly follow them.

CHAP. X.

THE Ladies departure gave no small relief to Emma's spirits, and she flattered herself that Lord Miramont's melancholy would soon subside; for she indulged a belief, that Mrs. Lenmer had only made a slight impression on his heart, which would be effaced, when he no longer saw her.

She now exerted herself to amuse him, and he did not seem quite insensible of her intention; but he saw her seldom,—passing great part of the day, alone, in the library, writing; and the arrival of the post, which he never used to care about, was now become a matter of the first importance.

Mrs. Lenmer had only been gone a week, when, one night, after supper, a
small

small box was brought to the Marquis: he started with joy when he saw it, and, snatching it from the servant, retired to his own apartment, whence he did not return to the company.—Emma suspected this box contained Mrs. Lenmer's picture; and she sighed, to think of the arts of her wicked rival.

From the time this box, scarcely less mischievous than that of Pandora, arrived, Lord Miramont daily became more gloomy, and so restless and discontented, that nothing seemed to please him.

Another week had now passed, when, one morning, he burst into Emma's room in great perturbation.—“I am going,” said he,—“I must go directly to town, where I have business of the utmost consequence.”

“Then,” cried Emma, “I will accompany you, and wait my confinement there, instead of here.”

“By

“By no means,” said he, eagerly;—
 “you must not change your plan;—besides, my stay will be but short.”

“Ah! my dear Lord,” cried Emma,
 “either suffer me to go with you, or do not leave me now!—My mother, alas! cannot come to me, for her lameness continues; and if I am, at this juncture, deprived of the society of those I most love, I fear my spirits will forsake me!”

“Pshaw!—you are absurd!—Have I not told you that I will soon return?—and, as to accompanying me, that is out of the question, for I shall travel during the night,—a fatigue you could not bear.”

Emma now, for the first time in her life, strenuously urged a point, in opposition to Lord Miramont's wishes; but all her prayers and entreaties were ineffectual, for he declared nothing should detain, and no consideration induce him,
 to

to permit her undertaking a journey, in her present condition.—Delisle, he said, should accompany him; and he trusted that Lady Bingfield, would take such excellent care of her, during his short absence, as to prevent her feeling it as a misfortune.

Lady Bingfield, almost enthusiastic in her attachments, violent in her abhorrence of infidelity in husbands, and with a temper naturally irritable, was so provoked with Lord Miramont, for leaving his charming wife in her present situation, to run (as she firmly believed) after Mrs. Lenmer, that nothing restrained her indignation from bursting forth, but the reflection, what effect it might produce on Emma.

This made her curb her feelings, yet her countenance, in despite of herself, betrayed them.—The dinner was ordered two hours sooner than usual, as the Marquis

quis declared he should depart immediately afterwards.—A more gloomy party could not easily be found, than the four persons who now set down at table. Poor Emma could not swallow a morsel—she neither wept, nor spoke; but the silent anguish of her looks bespoke the tenderest pity.

Lord Miramont, weak, inconstant, and under the dominion of a new passion, was not, however, able to exclude the feelings of humanity from his breast, nor could he view his suffering wife without remorse; yet, still, he obstinately persevered in his purpose.—Lady Binglefield longed to dissuade him from it; but, conscious of the warmth of her own temper, which might urge her to say something indiscreet, she remained silent. Even the profligate Delisle was affected by Emma's sorrow, and gave his friend some expressive looks of disapprobation.

Lord

Lord Miramont, more and more agitated, as the time of his departure approached, had no sooner swallowed one glass of wine, than, suddenly, he started up, and, having taken Emma's hand, which he just touched with his lips, he was hastening out of the room, when an exclamation of Lady Bingfield's made him turn his head, and he beheld the Marchioness sunk back in her chair, apparently lifeless!

He now flew to her assistance; Lady Bingfield was supporting her, and Delisle opening the window.—“This is your work,” said the former, with a furious look:—“if you have not a mind to kill your angelic wife, you will renounce your wicked purpose.”

“By G—, you must,” cried Delisle: “it would be downright savage to leave Lady Miramont now.”

The

The Marquis, on hearing these words, drew Delisle aside; and Lady Bingfield heard him say, in a low voice,—“But once—only once more—and then”

“No, no,” interrupted Delisle; “you cannot—indeed, Miramont, you must not.”

Still the latter seemed to expostulate.—In the mean while, the usual methods having been taken to recover Emma, she revived; and, looking wildly round in search of Lord Miramont, when she saw that he was not gone, she exclaimed, clasping her hands together,—“God be thanked!”

The sound of her voice brought Lord Miramont by her side:—“You will stay, then,” cried she, seizing his hand, and looking earnestly in his face;—“yes, I am sure you will.”

“I hope

"I hope it is not possible this can admit of a doubt," said Lady Bingfield, eagerly.

"It cannot," cried Delisle; "and I will instantly forbid the carriage."

Lord Miramont, now, seemed ashamed of making further opposition, and thus his journey was put off, without his opening his lips. But he had yielded with so bad a grace, that Emma durst not hope he had altogether given up his project; yet, considering his concession in the light of a reprieve, she gratefully thanked him, and, for the present, her agitation was somewhat calmed.

Lord Miramont's dissatisfied looks, and fullen silence, soon renewed her uneasiness; and he never left the room, that she did not tremble lest he should not return. He seemed, if possible, more sad and gloomy the day following; but, the
next,

next, he did not even appear at breakfast, remaining the whole morning shut up in the library, where Emma, in his actual state of mind, dared not intrude.

When dinner was served, he sent word he could eat none, feeling himself much indisposed, but desired to be left alone : he was accordingly obeyed. After coffee, however, Emma, unable any longer to controul her anxiety, resolved to step softly to the library door, and learn, if possible, whether he was asleep, having understood that he was reposing on a couch ; but, to her great amazement, she found the door wide open, and no vestige of him there, nor in any of the apartments, which she hastily traversed !

Her heart now beat violently, with a misgiving, that the evil she had so much dreaded, had, in fact, happened. One faint hope remained,—that he might have walked out ; for, though late in the year,

the new neither darkness, nor bad weather, sometimes deterred him from taking a solitary ramble.—To enquire whether this was the case, she pulled the bell violently, and Lady Bingfield, Delisle, and the groom of the chambers, all ran into the room, almost in the same instant.

“Where is he?—where’s Lord Miramont?” cried she, eagerly. All stood mute, for none knew where he was:—out flew Delisle, and the servant, to enquire; and, presently, the former returned, but with an air so confused, as to suggest a thousand dreadful ideas to both the Ladies.

“Good God! Mr. Delisle,” cried Emma, “what is the matter!—for Heaven’s sake, speak!”

“Nothing serious is the matter, upon my honour,” answered he, hesitatingly. “Lord Miramont is safe, but your Ladyship

dyship must not be affected, if I tell you the truth :—he is gone ;—he had indispensable business, it seems, and could no longer defer it.”

Emma fetched a deep sigh, and Lady Bingfield, conjuring her to summon her fortitude to her aid, prevailed upon her to take some drops.

Delisle, now, was desired to explain how he knew that Lord Miramont was gone : upon which he said, that, just after he had left them, to enquire what was become of the Marquis, he had not proceeded many paces on the lawn, when he met one of the stable people with a paper in his hand, addressed to him.—On this was written, with a pencil—

“ I AM going this instant to town ; my journey ought not to have been prevented ; now it is absolutely indispensable. —

dispensable.—I entreat you to tranquilize my wife, and assure her, that I certainly will return hither in two days.

“MIRAMONT.”

“And now, Madam,” said Delisle, “if you have any commands for me, honour me with them speedily; for it is my intention to follow Lord Miramont immediately. I have already sent for horses.”

Emma had no great faith in this man's sincerity, though, on this occasion, he had shewn himself extremely interested for her; therefore she only said, she was obliged to him, and that, if Lord Miramont intended returning, as soon as he mentioned, it was unnecessary to trouble him with any message.

Lady Bingfield, not being so well acquainted with Delisle's character, did not enter-

entertain the same doubts as did her friend; and, thinking his expostulations with the Marquis might be of service, as he left the room, she made him a sign, which he understood; and, in a few minutes, she joined him.

“What can have occasioned,” cried she, “this sudden—this shameful flight of Lord Miramont’s?”

“Why, Madam,” replied he, “I find an express from town arrived just before dinner, who brought the Marquis a letter: this, probably, decided him to depart; for, after a few moments of private conference with his servant, the latter went to the stables, where he had his Lord’s carriage got ready, but did not let it come to the house; so, whilst we were at table, Lord Miramont walked out unobserved; and no creature, excepting the stable people, who were not suffered to quit their post, and his own servant,

who accompanied him, knew of his departure."

"Monstrous!" exclaimed Lady Bingfield;—"so wicked a proceeding I never heard before! None but the most unprincipled of men, could think of leaving his wife, in Lady Miramont's condition!"

"And such a wife—such an angel!" cried Delisle:—"I am bad enough myself; yet, I swear, I could not have had the heart to act as Miramont has done. Lady Miramont's meek sorrow melted me so much t'other day, that, by my soul, I should have been inclined to quarrel with her husband, had he persevered in leaving her; and, now, the best thing I can do to serve her, is, to pursue, and bring him back."

"But not quarrel with him, I hope," cried Lady Bingfield, eagerly.

"No,

"No, no—I will avoid that; but, I must tell your Ladyship, fairly, that, if once he reaches London, I despair of getting him thence in a hurry: my only hope is, that, not suspecting I shall come after him, he will not travel so very fast, but that, by my riding fast part of the way, I may overtake him."

"Heaven grant you may, and thus disappoint the vile woman, who seduces him hence!"

Lady Bingfield now hastened to rejoin her friend, and Delisle left Highwood with the greatest speed.—Emma, sunk in the deepest state of dejection, could only answer with her tears, to all the arguments employed for her consolation by Lady Bingfield; and, when the latter reminded her of Lord Miramont's promise, of returning in two days, she shook her head, incredulously, being prepossessed with a notion, that she should see him

no more. Although she did not communicate her thoughts, Lady Bingfield perceiving what passed in *them*, tried to dispel these gloomy apprehensions; but Emma, absorbed in melancholy, seldom listened to her discourse.

Thus passed the first day after Lord Miramont's departure; but, on the second, when no letters arrived from Lord Miramont, or even from Delisle, Lady Bingfield, interpreting this silence favourably, felt almost certain that the Marquis would come in the evening. She was, therefore, constantly listening to every sound—starting up, and running into the hall; and her repeated disappointments did not, till very late at night, entirely discourage her expectations.

Emma, apparently composed, never took any part in these, for she expected no other intelligence of Lord Miramont, than of his having followed Mrs. Lenmer
to

to Ireland, whose husband, she fancied, had already carried her thither.—As she forbore all complaints, or comments on the cruel behaviour of the Marquis, the anguish it occasioned preyed upon her mind; and, had she not been supported by religion, and the consciousness of not having deserved her misfortune, it is probable she would have fallen a victim to despair.

The third morning, Lady Bingfield being down stairs very early, and hearing that Emma was still in bed, not having closed her eyes all-night, she determined to pass the interval before breakfast in the air; but she had not strolled far into the park, when she perceived a post chaise and four, advancing at a furious rate.

Though she had no doubt this was Lord Miramont returning, yet, as it was prudent to be certain, before she carried

the supposed good news to the house, she continued her walk, straining her eyes to discern the object she expected. But her spirits sunk, when she could distinguish this, was quite unlike Lord Miramont's carriage; and, being now very near her, it stopped, and a Gentleman leaped out of it, in whom she recognized Delille.—His wild and haggard air filled her full of alarm.

“ Good God !” exclaimed she; “ where is the Marquis?—What ails you ?”

“ Dreadful !—horrible news !” cried he.—“ What will become of Lady Miramont !”

Questions and answers now rapidly followed each other; and, though Delille was too much agitated, to give a coherent detail of what had passed in town, Lady Bingfield too clearly understood, that Lord Miramont was dying, having
been

been wounded (mortally, as was apprehended) in a duel he had fought the preceding day with Mr. Lenmer.

“ Poor Miramont is perfectly aware of his danger,” continued Delisle :—“ the name of Emma is constantly on his lips ; and, in broken accents, he told me, he should die in misery, unless he could see her once more.”

“ Impossible !” cried Lady Bingfield ; “ oh ! it is absolutely impossible !—Who could venture to announce these horrid tidings to her ?—much less to carry her, to behold such a scene as her husband’s death !”

“ What, then, can be done ?—Must the poor Marquis die in despair ?—and never, oh ! never obtain her forgiveness !”

“ This is dreadful, but, perhaps, at this moment, all may be over with him ;

and, then, think of the horrors awaiting Lady Miramont, at the end of a journey which may occasion her death, without being of any use to the Marquis."

"Pardon me," replied Delisle: "the surgeons think he may yet live some days, though they give no hopes of his recovery; and, hereafter, should Lady Miramont learn, that she might have seen, and comforted her Lord in his dying moments, will she ever forgive our having prevented her?"

Lady Bingfield's opinion staggered—she felt quite bewildered—one moment resolving this—the next that; whilst Delisle kept representing the urgency of the case, which required immediate decision.

At that instant, the object of their solicitude, the unfortunate Emma, appeared: she had come out in search of Lady Bingfield, and, as she was almost close to them,

them, they had only time to agree, that she should be told Delisle was sent by Lord Miramont, to excuse his not having returned at the appointed time, in consequence of a severe illness, which still confined him.

This appeared to them the gentlest way, of preparing her, for the cruel intelligence she must hereafter learn; and she listened to this tale, with more fortitude than they had expected.—Instantly, however, she peremptorily declared, that nothing in the world should hinder her from setting out directly for London; and Delisle, who had expected she would act thus, had, previously to his meeting with Lady Bingfield, sent his servant forward, to order Lady Miramont's carriage to be prepared. Having retained horses all the way on the road, coming down to Highwood, he knew she would very speedily reach town, which circumstance she learned with as much satisfaction, as she could feel in the midst of alarm and uneasiness.

Lady

Lady Bingfield was her only companion in the post chaise, that carried her from Highwood: her servants followed in another, and Delisle returned to town in his own.

Miserable as was Emma during this journey, she suffered less than Lady Bingfield, who, carrying in her breast a fatal secret, which, unfortunately, it was her lot to disclose, she dreaded inexpressibly the moment when this should be necessary. How to soften the stroke she knew not, yet she thought something must be done, before Lady Miramont was permitted to see her Lord.—Every word that dropped from Emma's mouth relative to his illness, inflicted a fresh pang in Lady Bingfield's heart, who clearly saw, not only that she was trying to deceive herself concerning his danger, but, also, that she thought her situation less deplorable, now she knew that Lord Miramont was not with Mrs. Lenner.

CHAP. XI.

ALTHOUGH the travellers never meant to stop on the road, they knew it was impossible to reach London till late in the evening. Delisle, with the hope that Lady Bingfield might prevail upon Emma to take some refreshment, secretly contrived, that her chaise should meet with some delay at the last stage ; and, in the mean while, he preceded her to Hill Street.

But Emma would not alight ; and all that Lady Bingfield could urge being in vain, after drinking a glass of wine and water, she insisted on going on. Delisle met them at the door of Lord Miramont's house, accompanied by Doctor ———, in whom he knew Emma placed great confidence : these Gentlemen, therefore, prevented

prevented her from flying to Lord Miramont's chamber, the Physician representing, that it was of the utmost consequence, his Lordship should be kept quiet that night; and assuring her, that she should see him the following morning.

Lady Bingfield, who had not yet had the courage to make the dreadful disclosure, approved highly of this delay; which was so peremptorily insisted upon by Doctor —, and so earnestly recommended by her friends, that Emma, after contesting the point some time, at length consented to defer her visit.

But, now, she greatly embarrassed the Physician by her questions, concerning her Lord's illness; and though he was very cautious in his answers, he saw that her alarm had considerably increased, in consequence of the precautions taken, to prevent her being suddenly shocked; and her situation giving him very serious uneasiness,

easiness, he earnestly conjured her to retire to bed.

Finding her inflexible in this respect, he took the necessary measure to compose her, unknown to herself, by giving her a quieting draught, mixed up in red wine and water; which, having the desired effect, she was the better enabled, to encounter the dreadful scene, that awaited her.

While she was reposing on a couch, attended by her woman, Lady Bingfield retired into the adjoining room, where she found Delisle and the Physician.—From the latter she learned, that Lord Miramont was much worse, and not expected to live four and twenty hours; but that his head was still perfectly clear; that he had heard, with infinite delight, of Lady Miramont's arrival; and had acquiesced, though reluctantly, with the reasons assigned by him and the Surgeons, for

for deferring their meeting till the following day.

Doctor ——— now returned to the Marquis; and Lady Bingfield being alone with Delisle, she requested he would inform her of the particulars of this catastrophe. He looked confused:—
 “Alas!” said he; “I cannot relate this horrid story, without feeling every sentiment of shame and remorse!—for, perhaps, had I acted less unworthily myself, my friend would long have enjoyed domestic happiness, instead of being, at this instant, on his death-bed!”

Delisle’s voice became thick: he turned aside to hide some tears that trickled down his cheeks; and some minutes passed before he could proceed.

“Poor Miramont and I,” continued he, “began the world together; and, with such dispositions as our’s were, certainly

tainly this was unfortunate for us both; for we encouraged each other, in thinking of nothing but the gratification of our passions. Afterwards we were separated for a time, and happy would it have been, had we never met again. During our separation, necessity had somewhat sobered me, and marriage was supposed to have reformed him.

“ But no sooner did I find myself in affluent circumstances, on my return to England, than I renewed my former licentious life; and such is the prevalence of example, that I perceived Miramont had strong temptations, to do the same.

“ You will detest me when you hear, that, actuated by secret motives, I encouraged in him, as much as possible, this evil propensity—But—”

“ Good

" Good God ! Mr. Delisle !" interrupted Lady Bingfield ; " what have you not to answer for ! "

" I am too sensible of this, Madam," returned he ; " and I will not offend your ears, by detailing my wicked views ; but merely relate what is necessary, to elucidate the late tragical event.

" I need not describe to your Ladyship, the arts Mrs. Lenmer employed to captivate Lord Miramont : her beauty, indeed, struck him the very first time he saw her ; yet she might not have made any deep impression on his mind, had I not, with the hope of detaching him from the Marchioness, flattered his vanity, by insinuating that Mrs. Lenmer was in love with him. I exulted extremely in the effect this produced, and neglected no opportunity of fanning the flame. By these means Miramont, naturally inconstant,

stant, was soon worked up into a passion for this woman."

A movement of horror, which now escaped Lady Bingfield, made Delisle pause.—At length he said: "I do not wonder, Madam, at the indignation your looks express; and I declare, you cannot abhor my conduct more, than I now abhor it myself.

"Suffer me, however, to proceed:—At Highwood I continued a flirtation with Lady Bell Darnford, in which I had originally engaged, merely as some consolation for the scorn and disappointment I had met with, in my presumptuous views on the Marchioness.

"You must have noticed, that my attentions to Lady Bell were extremely convenient to the Marquis and Mrs. Lenmer; and how much her husband's intended arrival disconcerted us all.

"What

“ What passed at Highwood, after the party broke up, I need not repeat. You know Lord Miramont was always writing; for he daily received volumes of tender epistles from Mrs. Lenmer, complaining of her husband's barbarous usage, and protesting, that she should die with grief, if dragged to Ireland, without seeing him once more.

“ Miramont, half distracted by these letters, was exposed to perpetual conflicts with himself—Love urging him to depart—Honour to stay. But when he heard, that Mr. Lenmer had actually fixed an early day for his departure, and that he had not a moment to lose, if ever he wished to see Mrs. Lenmer again, his journey was decided.

“ Hitherto I had befriended this improper attachment; but some reflections I had leisure to make, after Lady Bell went away, created in me apprehensions,
that

that Lord Miramont's tumultuous passions might have fatal consequences; and I protest, I was sincere in my endeavours to prevent his leaving Lady Miramont, being much affected when I saw how cruelly she was hurt.

" I even incurred the displeasure of my friend, in an attempt to serve her; for knowing where he kept Mrs. Lenmer's picture, which she had lately sent him, I privately placed Lady Miramont's over it; and, perceiving that he started and turned pale at this sight, I sought to awaken in him sentiments, which I sorely regretted having helped to stifle—but he broke from me in anger.

" His charming wife, so amiable, so dignified in her whole deportment, during the severe trials she had undergone, now interested me very differently than formerly; for I felt for her every sentiment of respect, pity, and concern.

" The

“ The warmth with which I had espoused her cause, prevented me, I suppose, from being let into the secret of Miramont’s departure ; however, I have since learned, this was occasioned by an express, sent by Mrs. Lenmer, to hasten his journey.

“ Almost immediately after he arrived in town, she eloped from her husband ; and putting herself under Lord Miramont’s protection, was placed by him in lodgings at Paddington, where he hoped she would remain concealed, till Lenmer had left England.

“ But this man, furious at his wife’s conduct, was indefatigable in his researches ; and, it is imagined, discovered her abode by the treachery of her Irish footman : be this as it may, Lenmer contrived to meet Lord Miramont, who was returning thence, when he addressed him in such opprobrious terms, accusing him
of

of seduction, that Miramont found it impossible to keep his temper: very high words passed between them; and the result was a challenge, given by Lenmer, and accepted by my friend.

“ All this I learned from the latter, the first time we met, which was not so soon as I had hoped, having been delayed on my journey by an overturn; and, when I did arrive in town, it was not till after several ineffectual attempts to see the Marquis, that at last I succeeded.

“ Having thus, unfortunately, been hindered from seeing him, it was impossible, when I heard of the challenge, to urge his return to Highwood, as I had intended; yet, had we met sooner, I really think I should have carried this point; for, I am convinced, he was very sorry at the desperate step Mrs. Lenmer had taken; which, so far from increasing his love, only occasioned him embarrass-

ment, by rendering public this disgraceful intrigue. I, likewise, observed, that he was wretched about Lady Miramont, and already full of sorrow and remorse. He owned that, apprehensive I should tease him to leave town, he had purposely kept out of my way ; but now he had wished to see me, being desirous that I should be his second.

“ This I could not refuse ; and the preliminaries of the meeting, were settled between Lenmer’s second and myself.

“ It is so painful to me to dwell on this circumstance, that I shall briefly tell your Ladyship, the party met in Hyde Park. Lenmer fired first, and missed : Lord Miramont then fired his pistol in the air : upon which Captain S—— and myself used our best endeavours, to accommodate matters ; but Lenmer declaring he was not satisfied, both again fired ; when Lenmer, taking too sure an aim,

aim, the ball entered Miramont's side, who fell, bathed in blood.

“ Every attention was paid to him immediately ; but the Surgeon I had provided privately told me, from the first, that he feared the wound was mortal.— I wished to detain Lenmer ; but the Marquis, by signs, opposed this, so he went away directly ; and, as I have since heard, forced his wife to accompany him in his flight.

“ Poor Miramont fainted as we were conveying him home : as soon as he recovered, that his wound had been examined by the Surgeons, and a consultation held, he earnestly desired they would not deceive him with false hopes, but honestly give him their opinion of his situation. They hesitated ; but he urged them further, saying, it was of the utmost importance he should know the truth, as he should expire in agonies, if he did not

once more see the Marchioness, whom he did not wish to have alarmed, if he was not judged to be in danger.

“ Inarticulately as he spoke, it was, nevertheless, with such expression of countenance, that the Surgeons thought it right, not entirely to conceal from him the truth. They said, therefore, that, as the presence of the Marchioness might tranquillize his mind, a matter of the greatest importance in his condition, they should not oppose her being summoned.

“ What followed is known to your Ladyship; and nothing remains for me to say, excepting, that I doubt whether I shall ever again know a happy moment, having too much reason to believe, that, by encouraging my friend in vice, I contributed to his destruction.”

Lady

Lady Bingfield, whose indignation at his former conduct had been apparent, now felt somewhat softened by the candour of his confession and repentance: she, therefore, forbore further reproaches; but she could say nothing to alleviate his sorrow, which seemed as deep as sincere.

In the hurry and confusion in which they had been for many hours, no thought of Mrs. Mourtray had occurred to Lady Bingfield. Delisle, however, had sent an express to Downton, at the time he set out for Highwood, desiring Mrs. Mourtray to meet her daughter in town: the express was returned, with a note from Miss Thornley, saying, Mrs. Mourtray was unable to leave her bed, being dangerously ill with the gout in her stomach; and that, just before Mr. Delisle's messenger arrived, she had been preparing, to impart this disagreeable intelligence to Lady Bingfield, desiring her

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to use her discretion, in regard to disclosing it to the Marchioness.

That amiable sufferer, after some hours of broken and disturbed slumbers, started up; and, looking wildly round, could not immediately collect her ideas sufficiently, to account for her being in a strange place; but, in an instant, the whole train of circumstances, which had brought her thither, flashing on her mind, she exclaimed—"Lord Miramont! Good Heaven!—how is he?"

Neither Lady Bingfield, nor Delisle, had gone to bed; and the former, hearing she was awake, went to her.

"I am going, this moment, to see Lord Miramont: I must and will see him," cried Emma:—"why have I, thus long, been detained from him?"

Lady

Lady Bingfield reminding her, that this had been by the Doctor's desire, entreated her to wait till she had seen him; but Emma would not hear of longer delay; and Doctor ——— being summoned, Lady Bingfield, shrinking from the dreadful task of disclosing the real state of affairs, left it to be performed by him.

He was exceedingly embarrassed, how to soften the shock: scarcely, however, had he begun to touch upon the fatal subject, when Emma, interrupting him, "Oh! Doctor!" cried she; "these moments are far, far too precious to lose!—lead me instantly to Lord Miramont!—something dreadful I have long expected; but, know, I am prepared to meet it."

Doctor ———, much surprized at her firmness, said: "Then, Madam, I no longer object to your visit; yet it is most painful, though necessary, for me to tell

you, that you will have but too much occasion for all your fortitude in the ensuing scene."

"Oh! waste not time in words!" cried she:—"let me but see my Lord—my dear Lord!"

Doctor ———, then, in a few words, related, as tenderly as he could, Lord Miramont's tragical story, to which she listened with unutterable anguish: he exhorted her, however, to compose herself:—"I will;" cried she:—"that gracious Power, whom I humbly adored in prosperity, will, I trust, not forsake me in this hour of affliction."

Doctor ——— was pleased to see her tears flow, and he gave her his arm to conduct her to Lord Miramont's chamber. When they reached the door, he begged leave to step in first, that his Lordship might not be surprized on a sudden:
while

while he was gone, she waited with Lady Bingfield and Delisle, in the anti-room; who, respecting her sorrows, did not annoy her with any common-place consolations.

The Doctor now appeared; and, making her a sign to advance, she hastened to her Lord's bed side; and Doctor —— retired.

“Angel of Peace!” cried Lord Miramont, in a hollow voice:—“are you come to pardon and bless me, before I die?”

Emma, in vain, tried to speak: she could only, passionately, kiss his hand.

“Oh! speak!” said Lord Miramont:—“once more let me hear that voice, which never yet expressed reproof..... though I.....”

He seemed much agitated ; and Emma exerting herself, said :—" My dearest, my beloved Lord, I have nothing to pardon for I have not been offended.— Oh ! if my prayers could avail, your life, more precious to me than"

She could not proceed ; and Lord Miramont, speaking with rather more firmness than before, said—" Culpable, then, as I am, you forgive me : my sweet Emma forgives me !"

In the tenderest words, she assured him she did.

" Oh ! that Heaven may be merciful, and pardon my offences !" cried he :—" may this punishment expiate them ! . . . With what horror and disgust do I now review the past how differently would I live if but it cannot be."

He

He fetched a deep sigh; and, after a short pause, he said—"Mourn not for me, my love: my mind never was worthy of your's this stroke, perhaps, was necessary to awaken some sense of virtue in my breast yet, oh! to die in the flower of my age to leave such an angelic creature never, never more to behold her! Oh! this cuts, this wounds but God's will be done. It is a mark, I hope, of the Divine Favour, that my life has been spared long enough for me to expire in your arms."

Again he paused:—"If my child," continued he, "ever sees the light, teach it to beware of resembling its father teach it to become like its mother but I am faint let me thank that good woman, Lady Bingfield let me see Delisle and, then, my last prayer shall be for my Emma's happiness her name shall be the last

word that my faltering tongue
pron”

He ceased, apparently quite exhausted; and the Surgeon, who waited at a little distance, gave him a cordial, recommending to him to keep very quiet; but Lord Miramont, seeming to rally his strength, opposed this:—“All will soon be over,” said he:—“let me, at least, enjoy the dregs of life.”

Lady Bingfield and Delisle now appeared: the former he gratefully thanked for his attention to his wife, recommending her still to watch over her. Delisle he charged to stop any proceedings against Lenmer, saying, he heartily forgave him: then, wringing the hand of his friend, he said, with more energy than could be expected in his situation,—“View me, and reform!—farewell Delisle!—farewell for ever!”

He

He motioned, then, with his hand, that all should depart, excepting Lady Miramont; who, seated on the bed, supported him with her arm: he seemed to be trying to recollect something: at last he said, in broken accents, "If I mistake not, it was about this time two years ago, that my Emma first owned she loved me Ah! how happy I was then! . . . how blessed have I since been! . . . and now but it is all my own fault strange that I could, even for a moment, cease to adore you!—my heart now is all your own receive my grateful thanks . . . for . . . I can . . . no more . . . Emma . . . my love . . . one parting embrace . . . and then . . ."

His head fell upon her shoulder—his lips touched her's—the word Emma died upon his tongue—and his eyes closed for ever!

The

The unhappy Marchioness, uttering a shriek, fell into a swoon. The medical people and attendants now hastily approached, and she was carried to her own apartment, accompanied by Lady Bingfield.

Doctor ——— judged it prudent to bleed her, which restored her senses; and, of course, the acute anguish, which had been suspended by insensibility. Violent pains now seized her; and, in a few hours, she was prematurely delivered of a dead boy. A raging fever and delirium followed this event; and very slight hopes were entertained, of her surviving such accumulated evils.

While she was in this deplorable state, the last honours were paid to the remains of the ill-fated Marquis; who, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, possessed of every personal endowment—of every accidental advantage; who was formed,
by

by his temper and disposition, to be the joy of society; and who seemed to have been destined, by his admirable constitution, to attain old age;—this man, so highly gifted by nature and fortune, was thus cut off in his prime!

His untimely end may justly be ascribed, to his never having sought to curb those passions, which so often precipitated him into guilt; and to his having sacrificed every consideration of virtue and religion, to the gratification of sensual pleasure.

Had he cultivated the talents and good qualities, he derived from nature, he might have done honour to his country—credit to his family—and enjoyed a large portion of happiness; but honour, credit, and happiness, were blighted by himself alone.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

LORD MIRAMONT'S estates, and a Barony, devolved on one of his distant relations; the Marquisate became extinct; and a jointure of two thousand pounds a year, his house in town, with all that it contained, and an old castle in the North, with a very small estate annexed to it, became the property of Emma.

The thoughtless extravagance of the Marquis, his extreme negligence and aversion to business, had often occasioned the greatest embarrassment in his affairs; but he had invariably disregarded all remonstrances on this subject, saying, with the levity peculiar to him—“*Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.*”—Provided that he himself felt no difficulties, he was perfectly easy, and every thing else might take its own course.

Emma,

Emma, who thought it a duty, had wished occasionally to interfere, especially when, by so doing, she could stop useless expense, or check the depredations of persons, who seemed rather to consult their own interests, than those of their Lord: but all power of this kind was denied her, her province having been to please, amuse, but never to controul.

Hence the debts on the Miramont estate were enormous; and the heir found, that many years of frugality, would not counterbalance, the very few, that had been passed in extravagance.

While these busy, perplexing, and melancholy scenes had been passing, Emma, confined to her bed, was either delirious, or sunk into a state of insensibility, and only, at times, conscious of the extent of her misery. Not only Lady Bingfield, but the amiable *Sidonie*, nursed her with the tenderest care; the latter flying to
her

her benefactress, as soon as she heard of her misfortunes, through the channel of a newspaper. Doctor——, too, neglected no means, to save his interesting patient; and his skill not being inferior to his humanity, she was, at length, pronounced out of danger, and convalescent.

Such was the state of Emma, when, one day, as she was reposing on a couch, having for the first time left her bed, she heard people earnestly talking in her dressing-room, and, though they spoke low, she thought she distinguished her father's voice. It was the first gleam of pleasure, that had penetrated to her heart for a long time past; and, impatient to be relieved from doubt, she rang her bell, which immediately brought in one of her attendants, when, observing what vague and hesitating answers, were returned to her enquiries, she no longer doubted the truth.—“ Oh, my father!—my dear

dear father!" she exclaimed:—"am I, then, once more to see you!"

Lady Bingfield now appeared:—"Calm your agitation, my dear Lady Miramont," said she, "or your health will suffer."

"Oh! dismiss your fears;—let me but see my dearest father, for what can hurt me now?—Have I not survived the most poignant grief!"

Mourtray, who was listening at the door, would no longer be restrained; and, rushing forward, he flew to embrace his beloved daughter.—Nothing could be more tender, or affecting, than this interview; but it had not any of the bad consequences, that had been apprehended, for the sight of her father seemed to pour balm into the heart of the afflicted Emma:—they wept together, and interchanged a thousand endearments.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mourtray had frequently been the object of her daughter's anxiety, since the moment that she emerged out of that frightful stupor, into which she had fallen, when the violence of her fever abated. Mourtray, now, could tranquillize her in this respect; for, though he had, on his arrival at Downton, found his wife almost on the brink of the grave, a favourable revolution had taken place in her disorder, and she was believed to be likely to recover.

Henry Mourtray, and Selina, as soon as the news of her danger reached them, hastened to Downton; and Mourtray, who had gone thither, immediately after he landed at Falmouth, instead of being greeted with joy, as he had expected, met with nothing but tears and lamentations; Mrs. Mourtray's situation, then, being highly alarming, and the cruel events already related, having recently happened in the Miramont family.

But, in a short time, Mourtray's apprehensions concerning his wife subsiding, he left her to the care of her son, and Selina, being full of impatience to see, and console his darling Emma. His presence, certainly, was of service to her; yet, though her health gradually mended, the deep melancholy that filled her whole soul, rather increased, than decreased: her cruel loss had, at first, appeared like a frightful dream; but, now, each returning day too fully convinced her of its reality.

Most impatiently did she long to get out of the house, where she had seen her beloved Lord expire; but, while she was so feeble, and in such precarious health, her physicians would not consent to her removal.

Mrs. Mourtray, who had been kept in total ignorance of her daughter's sad story, till she could hear it without danger
of

of consequences pernicious to herself, no sooner heard what had passed, than she became urgent in her entreaties to Emma, to come to Downton, being unable to stir thence ; and Mourtray, at length, obtained the physicians permission, to carry his daughter into the country, on condition, that she should travel very slowly.

Emma was received with the tenderest affection by her mother, brother, and his wife ; and it may easily be imagined, that this first interview did not pass, without many tears being shed by all parties.

Emma, though she seldom left her own chamber, would not refuse, occasionally, to see the Thornley family, who had been such excellent friends to her mother ; especially the good Rebecca, who had so often nursed her with the tenderest care.

Solitude, now, was Emma's only delight ; and she wished for nothing so much,
as

as to retire to her house in the North, and there, concealed from the world, be at liberty to indulge her own sad thoughts. Her family warmly opposed this scheme; but, when the spring was advanced, and that her spirits appeared no better, her father deemed it prudent, to let her, for a time, have her own way; thinking, that change of air and scene might be of service to her; he protested, however, she should not go quite alone; and this not being permitted, she wrote to ask her favourite *Sidonie* to accompany her.

She knew that this friend had lately placed her children at a feminary, and, therefore, would not scruple to leave town for a few months.—The answer she received from *Sidonie*, being just what she expected, after taking an affectionate leave of her parents, she went, in her way to the North, to Lady Bingfield's house, in town, not being able to bear the idea of returning to Hill Street.

Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mourtray accompanied her on her journey from Downton, their arrival being impatiently expected by Mr. Silbourne, who was full of anxiety concerning his daughter, as the time of her confinement approached.

During the few days Emma staid in town, Lady Wilmington, and Lady Elizabeth Paragon, called upon her; but she would only consent to see the former, whose near relationship to her lamented Lord, as, likewise, the strong affection she had borne him, gave her a claim to Emma's respect.

Both mingled their tears together, deploing his untimely end.—Lady Wilmington had, now, entirely renounced her youngest daughter: while she had only thought her imprudent, she had seen her, in defiance of the Earl's prohibition; but the countenance Lady Bell had afforded Mrs. Lenmer, the suspicion she incurred,

curred, of having connived at her intrigue with Lord Miramont, and her subsequent conduct during the last winter, had completely disgusted, and offended her mother.

It may not be amiss here, to take a short review of Lady Bell's actions, from the time she left Highwood, with her friend, Mrs. Lenmer, so perfectly congenial to her in disposition.—When these Ladies had arrived in town, they found Mr. Lenmer already there; and extremely displeased that his wife, whom he had expected to find under her brother's roof, was, at that moment, and had long been, at Lord Miramont's, whose reputation for gallantry was too well known to this jealous husband, not to alarm him exceedingly.

Darnford, equally ill-tempered, though less violent than the other, wished to avoid getting into a serious quarrel with

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him;

him ; therefore, after listening to a long string of complaints, the Irishman brought against Mrs. Lenmer, he sought to appease his wrath ; vindicating her in some points, and only slightly condemning her in others.

But Mr. Lenmer's wrath was not to be appeased, especially when, instead of trying to conciliate, she met him with looks of defiance ; indeed, at that time, her thoughts were so entirely engrossed by Lord Miramont, that she took no pains to conceal the hatred she bore her husband. Such behaviour, of course, increased his rage, and he insisted on her immediate departure from England ; but receiving from her a peremptory refusal, he swore he would carry her, by force, to Ireland ; and this it was that decided her to elope.

What followed has already been related ; nothing, therefore, remains to be added,

added, relative to this couple, excepting that, after Lenmer's unfortunate duel, he seized on his wife, whom, in despite of her resistance, he succeeded in carrying off; and, having conveyed her to Ireland, he shut her up in an old house, he had in one of the provinces most distant from Dublin, where she miserably ended her days, alternately a prey to resentment, grief, and remorse.

The noise her adventure made, with the part Lady Bell had taken in it, threw no small degree of odium upon her: people who had more memory than herself, recollected many acts of kindness she had received from Lady Miramont, which she had repaid by the basest ingratitude; and, in proportion to the pity and esteem which the amiable Marchioness inspired, was, the abhorrence excited by her false friend.

The frequent flights that Lady Bell now experienced, stung her pride the

more, as she had long been in the habit of supposing, that her rank and beauty gave her a right to do whatever she pleased. To regain the consideration she had lost, she redoubled her endeavours to make her house gay, and agreeable; but these were in vain, for she attracted few persons thither, excepting those of characters too light to re-establish her own; and Delisle having deserted her, from the time they parted at Highwood, she felt herself destitute of friends and lovers.

This circumstance pained her longer, than did the death of the Marquis (her favourite relation), for this event had only given her a momentary shock. Afterwards, she succeeded in gaining new admirers; and then, throwing off every semblance of decency, she boldly indulged herself in all her fancies.

It was about the beginning of June, when Emma and her companion arrived
at

at their new habitation, after a journey which they had purposely made unusually slow, to lessen, as much as possible, the fatigue.

Lowbarrow Castle, the destined residence of Emma, was situated on the banks of one of the Lakes of Cumberland. Lord Miramont had settled this place upon her, because it was the only unentailed part of his landed property; and although he knew no otherwise, than by report, of the beauty of its site, yet he had thought it particularly adapted to her romantic disposition; but so little taste had he himself for picturesque scenery, that never, in the course of his life, had he been once tempted to go and see Lowbarrow.

His father, who had inherited this place from an uncle, used regularly, every year, to pass two months there, partly to enjoy its local charms, and partly for the

lake of shooting moor game. The Castle, once, had been of vast size; but it had long fallen to decay, and all that remained of it now was the eastern tower: this he had so far repaired, as to render the walls secure, without, however, suffering any other change to be made in its appearance, than that of enlarging the windows, so as to admit more light and air: but, when he used to come here, as he never brought with him more than one or two male friends, and only few servants, he had contented himself with the very ancient furniture, which had already been there many generations.

This fragment of the old Castle stood on an eminence, in a wild forest-like park, full of deer; bounded on the North by a range of lofty mountains, of various hues, and shapes, their conical heads rising one above the other: some of these were covered with purple heath, and patches of herbage, where goats and sheep

sheep were fed;—others bore no marks of vegetation, nothing appearing on them, save blue rag, or large blocks of stone, rudely tumbled about; and a soft blue tint being spread over those in the back ground, they seemed to melt into the skies; indeed, their summits were seldom visible, as the clouds rested upon them.

The elevated situation of the Castle, full a mile from the Lake, gave it a most beautiful view of its whole expanse; and, just in front of the building, a small glen opened, gently sloping to the water; but, this spot excepted, the park was divided from the Lake by enormous rocks. These were covered with oak, beech, mountain ash, and weeping birch; the latter gracefully bending towards the lucid stream beneath, whence their stems actually issued. The holly, the larch, and various shrubs, sprung out of the cragged piles of stone, which awfully nodded over the Lake; yet these cliffs,

bare as they were of soil, being so richly clothed with vegetation, added not a little to the wonder of the scenery, for the roots of the tallest forest-trees, seemed really suspended in the air.

Amid these rocks, a winding road had been cut, which led to the Castle; part of the way was enveloped in shade, and only, occasionally, the eye caught a peep of the glittering water through the foliage; but the summit being once reached, then the Lake, in all its majesty, suddenly burst to view.

At no great distance from the Castle was a wooded dell, which had long been a favourite spot with the eagles: thither they descended from their aerie, built on the pinnacle of one of those high rocks, to the North of the building; and their approach scared away all other birds.

In

In the midst of this thick copse was a large stone basin, not made by Art, but scooped out of the ground, by an immense torrent, which, after forcing its way through a fissure in the mountains, fell perpendicularly near two hundred feet, with an astonishing noise and foam, and then, leaping from stone to stone, it dashed impetuously along the wood. Having passed this, and being no longer obstructed in its course by stones, or stumps of trees, it flowed more calmly, as a transparent rivulet down the glen, becoming one of the feeders of the Lake.

Scenes such as these were calculated, to draw off Emma's attention from her own sad thoughts: she could not help exclaiming, with wonder, at every fresh object she beheld; nor was she less delighted with the Castle, than with its appendages. But even this transient gleam of pleasure was embittered by tender regrets,—that objects so captivating,

never could be viewed by *him*, who had once been their owner, and to whose bounty she was indebted for their possession.

As silently she explored her new domain, tears trickled down her cheeks; but her friend *Sidonie* had been too long inured to sorrow, to think of checking its course in another, having learned by experience, that time alone can blunt its edge.

This amiable Frenchwoman had never ceased to mourn a husband she had adored; they had been destined from their cradles for each other, and united at a very early age: she had brought him an immense fortune, and both were related, or connected, to all the noblest families in France. High in rank, rich, and prosperous in every respect, for a few years, they lived supremely happy; when the horrid revolution tearing him
from

from her arms, she had the unspeakable misery of knowing, that he, her father, and brother, had all perished by the guillotine !

She herself narrowly escaped suffering the same fate ; but, having notice of her danger, she contrived to emigrate with her children, and, joining the Duke and Duchefs (her late husband's parents), with them became wretched fugitives, exposed to every calamity attendant on poverty. In this dreadful state, her extraordinary fortitude, patience, and courage, enabled her to be of the greatest use to herself and family ; and, before they obtained some relief from Government, to her industry, they had been indebted for their daily support.

At length, Emma becoming acquainted with their situation, as already related, and exerting herself to amend it, had the satisfaction to succeed ; at first, chiefly by

means of her influence with others, but, afterwards, by her own liberality, when she herself had attained affluence.

Sidonie, therefore, for every reason, was exactly suited to be the companion of Emma, in her present state of mind; and, though they differed in some points of faith, both agreed in deriving their best consolation from religion.

Accustomed to confide their feelings to each other, to talk incessantly of those they so tenderly regretted, insensibly they found a melancholy pleasure in the indulgence of grief; and, perhaps, soon it would wholly have absorbed all their faculties, if they had not recollected, that, while they lived for themselves alone, they neglected to fulfil many important duties, imposed upon them by their Creator.

Their

Their natural activity of mind and body being roused by this reflection, they felt ashamed of having spent nearly a month, since their arrival at Lowbarrow, in total disregard of their poor neighbours, to whom they might have been of the greatest service. Immediately they altered their mode of life, and, seeking out objects of distress, they busily employed themselves with their needle, to clothe some half naked women and children, who inhabited the barren mountains behind the Castle.

Besides this occupation, they made frequent visits, to comfort and relieve the sick; and these acts of benevolence engrossed their thoughts so much, that, having little leisure to brood over their sorrows, the recollection of them gently began to fade, particularly with Emma, who was younger, and naturally more lively than her friend.

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The latter observed, with pleasure, that a soft smile occasionally played on Emma's lips, and that her eyes had recovered much of their wonted lustre. The period of her mourning had now been over some time; and the six months *Sidonie* had promised to spend with her being elapsed, impatient to see her children, she could no longer defer her departure; but all her endeavours, to persuade Emma to accompany her, were in vain, for she seemed bent on remaining in her solitude, notwithstanding her parents sollicitations, and even remonstrances against this measure.

This opposition, on her part, was occasioned by her having conceived a notion, that her health and spirits, which had so materially mended in the quiet of Lowbarrow, would infallibly relapse, if she returned again into the busy scenes of life.

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It wanted now but two days of *that*, fixed for the journey of *Sidonie*, and their approaching separation overwhelmed these amiable friends with sadness. Tempted by the beauty of the morning, unusually fine for this dreary season, they agreed to ramble among the wooded crags, which hung over the Lake.

Tired with climbing this rugged ascent, they wished to rest themselves on a moss seat, placed in an excavation of a jutting rock, sheltered above by hollies, and now resplendent with scarlet berries, the sun shining full upon them; but, scarcely had they been seated there five minutes, when, looking down on the Lake beneath, they perceived a boat making towards the shore.

Travellers frequently came to explore these northern regions; but, long before the deciduous trees had been stripped of foliage, these excursions had entirely
ceased:

ceased : Emma, therefore, became extremely agitated, as soon as she saw this boat, which contained several persons, suspecting other motives than curiosity, brought them thither.

The boat had now reached the glen ; and, among those who landed, she clearly distinguished her father, brother, and Lord Clannarmon. A mixture of joy, astonishment, and apprehension, rendered her motionless ; while *Sidonie*, whose eyes, having been little familiarized to the figures of any of the party, and not immediately recollecting them, could not imagine the cause of her perturbation.— When she learned it, she urged her to descend the path that led to the road, which she knew they could reach by a short cut, as soon as the Gentlemen could get there from the shore.

Emma, much as she longed to see her father and Henry, felt, however, some reluctance

reluctance to meet Lord Clannarmon; but *Sidonie*, treating this objection as frivolous, over-ruled it; and, hurrying her along, they soon came in sight of the party.

Both Mourtray and his son exclaimed, with delight, when they beheld the improved looks of their dear Emma, while, alternately, they folded her in their arms.

Lord Clannarmon attempted to express his satisfaction at finding her so well; and, likewise, to apologize for the liberty he had taken of intruding upon her retirement; but joy confused his speech; and she, being engaged with her relations, said little to him.

On their way to the Castle, whither they all walked together, Mourtray said, smiling, to his daughter, who leaned on his arm, " Do not imagine that I have
given

given myself the trouble of coming thus far, without expecting a suitable reward ; positively, therefore, you must return with us : your friend, *Sidonie*, shall accompany you ; and, after resting a few days in Yorkshire, at Mr. Silbourne's, where you will find Selina, her little boy, and Lady Bingfield, I shall carry you both to Downton : there you shall remain, while I convey your friend to town, and prepare for your's and our reception there."

" My dear father," cried Emma, " I declare, I never heard you speak in this peremptory manner before !"

" Perhaps not," answered he ; " because circumstances did not render it necessary : now I must do so, to compel you to do what is right ; for you have been very refractory of late."

This was said too good-humouredly to hurt Emma ; and, finding her father would

would not listen to any excuses, she yielded with a good grace to his wishes.

“ It is my intention,” said Mourtray, “ to be your guest this night : the young men mean only (with your permission) to have the pleasure of dining with you, and then depart ; but, for fear the weather should change, we will ourselves begin our journey to-morrow : your servants can settle your affairs here, and follow you hereafter.”

As Mourtray would neither hear of difficulties nor objections, every thing happened as he had arranged ; but Emma did not leave her beloved solitude, without great reluctance.

Her reception, and that of her friends, at Mr. Silbourne's, was in the style of old English hospitality—no fine speeches—a sort of politeness, bordering, perhaps, on formality,

formality, but blended with the most cordial welcome.

Selina presented to her a lovely nephew: both she and Lady Bingfield heartily rejoiced to see Emma, in appearance, restored to what she had formerly been; and, though she was still melancholy, they had no doubt that, after a time, she would recover her wonted vivacity.

Lord Clannarmon, happy as he was to pass a few days in her society, was extremely cautious not to alarm her delicacy, by any marked attentions; and he and Henry remained at Mr. Silbourne's, when the other travellers went to Downton.— There they found Mrs. Mourtray, as well as she had ever been since her serious illness, and in great spirits: her husband having this year received a large produce from his West India estate, and willing (now that he could afford it) to take a
good

good house in town, where she was persuaded, she should entirely recover her health.

Mourtray settled with his daughter, that she should part with her house, in Hill Street, which she could not bear to inhabit; and that, for the present, she should reside with him, at a house he intended taking, in Portland Place. To make the necessary preparations for the reception of his family, he hastened to town, accompanied by *Sidonie*; who, after taking an affectionate leave of her friend, rejoined the Duke and Duchesse, with whom she found her children.

Late as it was in the year when Emma arrived at Downton, the Wilmington's, contrary to their usual custom, were still in the country; and the Countess, with her son, came immediately to see her.— Lord Fontelieu, afterwards, frequently repeated his visits; and when Mourtray returned

returned from London, he openly avowed his intention of proposing to Emma.— His character was so highly respectable, and his situation such, that, whatever secret views Mourtray had in regard to his daughter, he could not decline informing her of so honourable a proposal.

But Emma, without the slightest hesitation, rejected it; requesting her father to assure Lord Fontelieu, that she was extremely sensible of the honour he had done her; but that it was impossible she could think of altering her condition.

“ I am very ready, in your name,” said Mourtray, “ to decline Lord Fontelieu’s offer; but not exactly in this manner, as I cannot possibly approve of your making any final resolves against marriage. You are much too young to decide, what your sentiments may be some time hence.”

“ My

“ My dear father,” cried Emma, “ after what I have suffered, surely you do not, you cannot wish me to expose myself, a second time, to such misfortunes ?”

“ It does not follow, my dear child,” said Mourtray, “ because you have once been unfortunate, that you should be so again. Do not suppose I mean to reproach you, when I say that our happiness, nine times in ten, depends upon our own prudence. May *that* be your guide in your future choice !—for I most sincerely hope you will be induced to make one.”

The Mourtrays, and their lovely daughter, being settled in town, the latter was permitted either to stay in her own apartment, or mix in company, just as she chose ; and Mourtray had the satisfaction of observing, that, by leaving her thus unconstrained,

constrained, she daily became more composed and cheerful.

Lord Clannarmon was a frequent visitor in Portland Place: his intentions could not be mistaken by Emma, who was not disposed to encourage them; but, as a person whom she highly esteemed, and as the friend of her family, to whom they were indebted for a thousand kindnesses, she treated him with cordial regard.

It was very visible, that not only her father, but also Henry and his wife, warmly espoused his cause; but, as they had not yet spoken openly to her, on this subject, she feigned not to perceive what was passing in their minds.

When, however, the time for going into the country arrived, and that she talked of making her Northern expedition, Mourtray firmly opposed it, entreating

ing her patiently to attend to something of consequence, which he had to communicate; and then he represented, in forcible language, Lord Clannarmon's long and faithful passion—the excellence of his character and understanding—his many amiable qualities—and how perfectly suitable he was to her, in age, temper, habits of life, and manners: his rank and fortune, too, he said, were such as would ensure to this connexion universal approbation. In short, being thoroughly convinced, that Lord Clannarmon was calculated to make her happy, to see her united to him had ever been, and would ever be, the wish nearest his heart.

Mourtray's earnestness, in this affair, greatly embarrassed his daughter: she acknowledged all Lord Clannarmon's merits; but she did not feel inclined to marry. “I esteem him,” said she, “more than any man I know; but I do not feel

for him any other sentiment: were I, then, to conquer my repugnance to marriage, could Lord Clannarmon, with that delicacy of sentiment which you suppose, be happy with a wife who felt no more?"

"My dearest Emma," returned Mourtray, "be assured that an union, founded on esteem and friendship, stands a far greater chance of happiness, than that, which has no other basis than violent passion; because it is the nature of the latter to evaporate, and of the former to increase."

Emma sighed, conscious that she had too cruelly experienced the truth of this maxim, in the conduct of the Marquis; and, at length, she was persuaded, at least to hear Lord Clannarmon plead his own cause.

This concession delighted her father; but it was not without mingled sensations
of

of hope and fear, that Lord Clannarmon availed himself of it. The first step he judged necessary, was to account for his long silence, on a subject which had interested him far beyond all others, from the earliest period of their acquaintance.

At that time having, as he said, only the prospect of a fortune; and a strong suspicion, added he, smiling, that his exterior was not exactly formed to captivate a beautiful young woman, just entering into life, he really had not had the courage to avow his sentiments. But, afterwards, being convinced she possessed an understanding of the first rate, his fears, in regard to her rejecting him, for these reasons, diminished; when, unfortunately, he discovered, she had already disposed of her heart.

Thus condemned to conceal his passion, he had suffered every sort of misery annexed to it, without daring to complain,

or ever ceasing to adore her ; but, now, being certain that there would be innumerable competitors for her favour, he thought the priority of his attachment, authorized him to declare, that the pure and respectful love which glowed in his bosom, would only end with his life ; and, without pressing her to decide hastily in a matter of such importance, all he implored was, that she would suffer him to hope, she would consider of it.

Emma, sensible that he had drawn an exact representation of his sentiments, was much distressed how to act : on one hand, reducing to despair, a man capable of feeling a passion so faithful and tender, seemed cruel : on the other hand, to deceive him, in any respect, would be still worse.

She, therefore, frankly owned, that, though she had the sincerest esteem and regard for him, she did not believe she
could

could ever again experience, for any person, sentiments such as she had once felt; and this being the case, she could not think it possible, that she should promote his happiness, by giving him reason to believe, she might hereafter bestow upon him her hand.

Lord Clannarmon warmly assured her, that the smallest gleam of hope would transport him; at the same time protesting, that, if he found her indifference not to be shaken either by time, or his assiduities, he would cease to importune her with his suit.

Emma, on this condition, consented to listen to him; to which she was principally induced, by the desire of gratifying her father; at whose request she laid aside her intended journey to Lowbarrow Castle, and passed the summer at Downton.

There Lord Clannarmon saw her frequently : he read, he walked, and he attended her, sometimes, when she went on horseback. At first she suffered his attentions merely out of complaisance ; but, insensibly, she thought those days long and dull, which he did not pass at Downton ; finding, in his conversation, a perpetual source of instruction, as well as amusement.

At length she became sensible, that, however beauty may fascinate the eye, yet, unless it be accompanied by virtue, and intelligence of mind, it does not take so strong a hold on the heart, as sympathy of tempers and inclinations, added to a conviction of superior merit.

Each day unfolding some new trait of Lord Clannarmon's worth, Emma now experienced the truth, of what she had often heard,—that no person could live much in his society, without loving him.

At

At the end of two years after the death of the Marquis, Mourtray had the exquisite pleasure of bestowing the hand of the Marchioness of Miramont, on Lord Clannarmon, and of hearing her acknowledge, frequently, since that period, that she was one of the happiest of women.

Lord Clannarmon's conduct, after his marriage, was so thoroughly amiable, that he was universally allowed, to give a perfect example, of what husbands ought to be ; and Lady Miramont, though she had not the same opportunities, of displaying the virtues of patience and forbearance, as during her former marriage, when she had been exposed to perpetual trials, nevertheless found, that an habitual intercourse with worth and understanding, strengthens and improves every laudable principle, every social feeling, and every mental faculty.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mourtray recovered her health, and enjoyed that share of felicity she was capable of feeling, dividing her time between her husband, children, and grandchildren; and her fondness for the world being diminished, she contented herself, in general, with the society of her own family, the Thornleys, and a few other friends.

By Mr. Silbourne's death, Henry became possessed of great affluence, of which he made a proper use; having been taught, in the school of adversity, many salutary lessons; and, fortunately, he never forgot them.

Fitzaubert, struck with his brother's virtues, had long endeavoured to imitate them. He was extremely attached to Emma, being convinced that she made her Lord's happiness her only study.

Delisle

Delisle had profited by his friend's warning : his conduct, since the tragical end of the Marquis, had been unexceptionable ; and he was well and happily married.

Lady Bingfield treated Emma with the same tender affection as her niece ; and was equally loved and respected by both.

Lord Wilmington, affected by the loss of a considerable part of his property, in Ireland, in consequence of the rebellion, and disappointed in his ambitious views in England, fell sick, and died ; and, on this occasion, the Countess found, in Emma, all that kindness and attention, which Lady Elizabeth Paragon neglected to shew her : Lady Miramont, therefore, became one of the chief comforts of her life ; and, proud and capricious as she was, she acknowledged the merit of Lord Clannarmon.

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As for Lady Bell Darnford, she continued her licentious course of life; but, though still very young, her beauty already began to fade: desirous, however, of extending her conquests, and often severely pinched by her husband's losses at play, she experienced all those miseries attendant on disappointed vanity.

Chowles, ever eager to grasp money, engaged in such a variety of speculations, that he became a bankrupt a short time after Mourtray returned from Antigua: all the curiosities, and valuables of every sort, which he had been at such pains to collect, were sold; and, being compelled to consult the strictest œconomy, he retired into a cheap country, where he lived obscurely, on the scanty remnant of his immense riches.

The noble emigrants, who had so undeservedly fallen from their elevated station, found, in Lord Clannarmon's and
Emma's

Emma's generous friendship, if not sufficient to compensate for what they had lost, at least that tender interest, which gently lulled to rest their sorrows.—*Sidonic* continued the favourite friend of Emma.

The history of the Mourtray family evinces, that, on the proper regulation of our passions, our fate chiefly depends.—The cruel disappointment of Emma, in her first choice, may fairly be ascribed to Vanity. Had she not secretly been swayed by this, she would not have been captivated by an illustrious libertine; nor have formed an alliance with a mind, so little in unison with her own.

Devoted to voluptuousness, Lord Miramont's life fell a sacrifice to his want of principle.

The love of play, brought on Henry a train of misfortunes.

Avarice

Avarice precipitated Chowles from the summit of opulence, to the lowest state of penury.

Vanity and dissipation, combined with levity, occasioned Lady Bell Darnford's fall; and passions, still more detestable, doomed Mrs. Lenmer, to end her days in a disgraceful confinement.

While Mourtray and Lord Clannarmon, although they could not entirely escape, the misfortunes incident to human nature, found, even in the midst of these, that consolation, which can only be derived from the consciousness of integrity; and, after surmounting some difficulties, their generous dispositions were so framed, as to enable them to enjoy still more than their own—the happiness of all connected with them.

FINIS.